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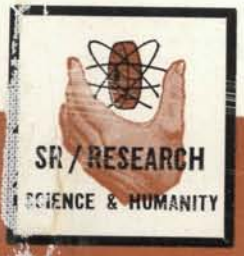

REACHING THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA

John Lear and Allan R. Holmberg report on a scientific experiment in treating the Andean Indian as a human

HOW MUCH CAN THE MOVIES SAY?

By Arthur Mayer

HORACE SUTTON IN THE TRAVELER'S AFRICA

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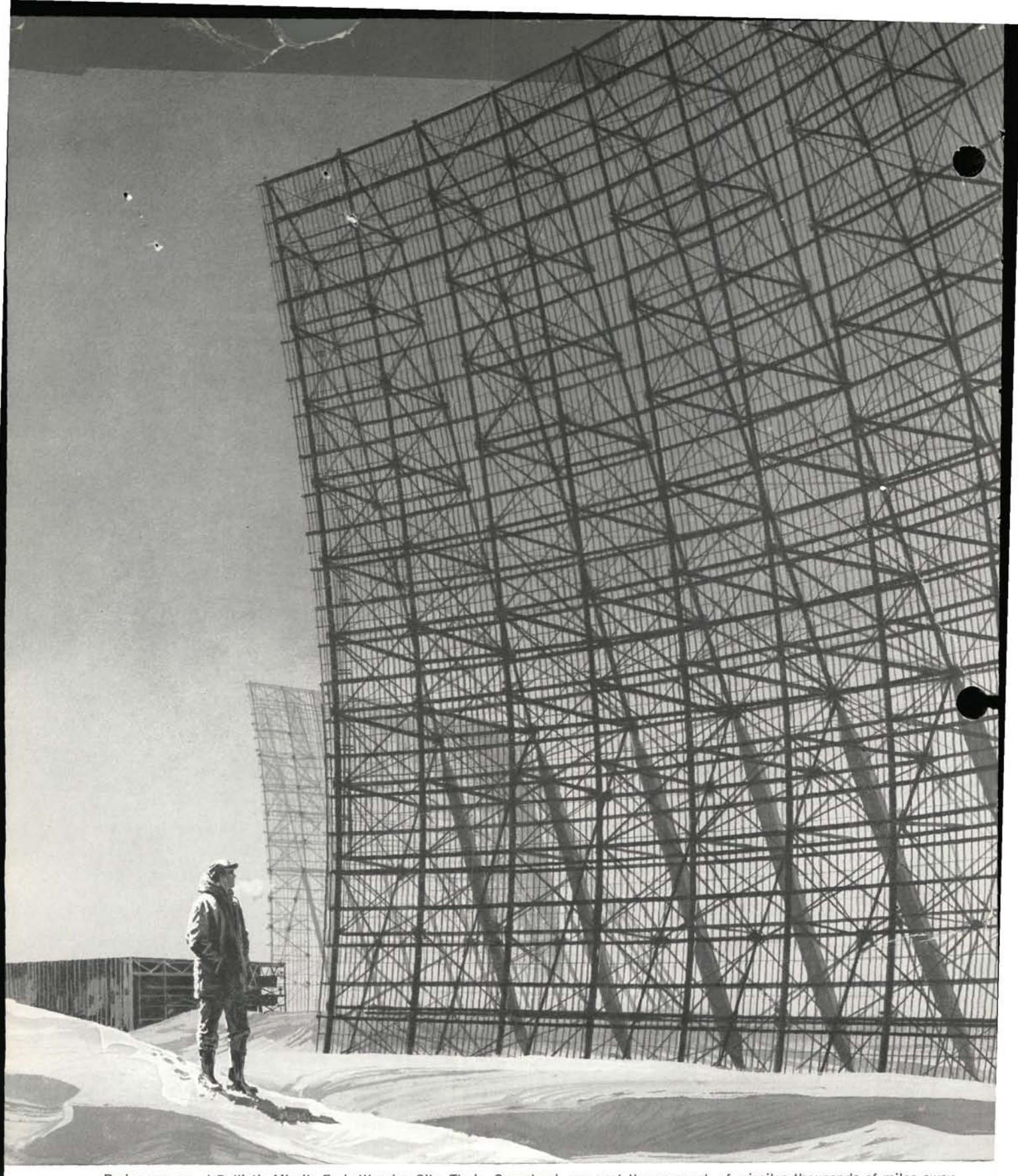

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YOU ARE INVITED to become a Charter Member of the Collector's Book Society by accepting any one of the Society's introductory offers illustrated on this page. Each of these offers includes a one-year trial subscription to a new periodical, the Collector's Quarterly Report, priced at $6.00. *Each of them represents an enormous total saving—as much as $54.55.* Collectively, they demonstrate the service the Society can provide for you in connection with today's most impressive cultural products.

The Collector's Quarterly Report, a unique cultural information service covering all the arts, is sent to members four times a year. In it, the Society provides a careful and critical compilation of recent projects and products that merit special attention. Books and series of books, original print editions, records, and sculpture—all of these come within its compass. And all are available for purchase through the Society, often at substantial savings.

In format, the Report is a handsome, 32-page magazine with a wealth of color illustration. Its editorial range is considerable. Forthcoming issues will contain articles on collectors and collecting and the shifting attitude toward fakes, and reports on a superb new group of demountable picture frames, a little-known collection of baroque recordings, and a series of children's books printed today from woodblocks cut in 1870. Major fine arts publications of the preceding three months will be described and often illustrated.

The Quarterly Choice. Each issue of the Quarterly Report will highlight one product which is felt to be of special interest to members of the Society. Most often, this Quarterly Choice will be a book or a series of books relating to art. Members have the option of receiving the Quarterly Choice for examination without any obligation. They may return it within ten days if it fails to meet with their approval.

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Initial supplies of books and other merchandise illustrated here are limited. To take advantage of one of these six Charter Membership offers, simply fill out the membership coupon at the right and indicate which offer you wish to receive. You may elect to pay now and receive the special gift book or, if you wish, the Society will bill you.

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A novelist writing on a subject close to his heart runs a great risk. If he's not careful, the myriad details of his favorite subject—fascinating to him, paralyzing to his readers — will swamp his story in a morass of facts.

But when such an author can control his topic, sticking to background color that's pertinent to what he has to say, then he can produce a compelling novel, and Richard Dougherty has done it.

Dougherty has just written a book called "The Commissioner," which deals with life in a big city's police department. Of all the isolated worlds comprising a metropolis, the cops are probably the least understood. If they're good police, nobody notices them; if, surrounded by crime, they become tainted, they're roasted by press and public alike.

"The Commissioner" captures what it's like to inhabit a world like this. Its characters sound and act like real cops, facing real (and sometimes insoluble) problems. Mr. Dougherty's protagonist, a firm but human man, heads the nation's biggest urban police force, that of the City of New York; in this hot-seat, the Commissioner handles himself as a real one would, giving a little here, standing on his principles when he can.

Richard Dougherty's credentials as a novelist and as a police expert are impressive. He's the author of two highly-praised works of fiction, "A Summer World" and "Duggan," and he once was Deputy Commissioner for Community Relations of the New York Police. If you like real *expertise* in fact and fiction, you'll like "The Commissioner."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Commissioner" ($4.95), by Richard Dougherty, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

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(Offer void where prohibited by law.)

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. S-3, Saratoga, California:

☐ Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski_____. I shall be delighted to receive *his* and his booklet: "White to Open" even if I'm wrong. I'll be even more delighted if my answer is among the first correct 10 checked after Dec. 31, 1962, and I win either the Champagne Championship Cup or one of the nine championship chessboards with my name and victory suitably inscribed in silver.

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A King, a Wolf, and a Hall—see how they sound

At the turn of the dial, television takes you to some of the most notable events of the musical season. To name a few in November: A production (in English) of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov;* Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf*, with Art Carney confronting Bil Baird's puppets; a *Young People's Concert*, with Leonard Bernstein describing how Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center is being "tuned" like an instrument.

Television presents the best in theatre, ballet, and music. It is a nation's center for the performing arts—as well as for news, public events, education, and sports. (For a selection of rewarding programs in November, see column at right.)

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November . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Mr. Lucifer
The devil (Fred Astaire) on Madison Avenue.
Thursday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

Richard Rodgers Concert
Musical profile with Diahann Carroll, Peggy Lee, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, November 4 (8-9 PM)

The Misunderstanding
A drama by Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 4 (10:30-11 AM)

Election Returns
Beginning at 7 and 7:30 PM.
Tuesday, November 6

A Horse Has a Big Head—Let Him Worry!
Diahann Carroll teaching near-blind children.
Wednesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

The National Cultural Center
Sunday, November 11 (4:30-5:30 PM)

The Danny Kaye Show
Guest: Lucille Ball.
Sunday, November 11 (9-10 PM)

The Man without God
Readings from Albert Camus.
Sunday, November 11 (10:30-11 AM)

On Jordan's Stormy Banks
The water crisis in the Middle East.
Saturday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

The Headache Ball
Urban renewal problems in Boston.
Tuesday, November 20 (10:30-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 22 (10 AM-Noon)

Two Black Candles
José Quintero directs episode in *The Nurses*.
Thursday, November 22 (9-10 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson in a tour of Shakespeare locales.
Friday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of Jacqueline Kennedy
Friday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	Continental Classroom College of the Air Today Calendar Discovery '62
Mondays:	David Brinkley's Journal
Tuesdays:	Chet Huntley Reporting
Wednesdays:	CBS Reports
Fridays:	International Showtime Eyewitness
Saturdays:	Reading Room Exploring NCAA Football Game
Sundays:	Camera Three Meet the Professor Adlai Stevenson Reports/ Editor's Choice Issues and Answers This is NBC News Update College Bowl The Twentieth Century Meet the Press Winston Churchill— The Valiant Years Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color Voice of Firestone Howard K. Smith— News and Comment

Television Information Office
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First of the Month

By CLEVELAND AMORY

OCTOBER was the month of James Meredith and James P. Donovan, of the Cuban blockade and China, of Premier Ben Bella and Hurricane Ella. It was a month that marked the end of the 87th Congress and the beginning of the first Ecumenical Council since 1870. And it was also the month that saw the Yankees escape, with typical Yankee fortune, with the seventh game of the World Series—as well as the month in which fifty-seven-year-old trunk murderess Winnie Ruth Judd escaped, for the seventh time, from a Phoenix, Arizona, jail.

• • •

For all the sevens, however, it was not entirely a lucky month. Not, for example, for President Kennedy, whose Galluping popularity on the eve of the blockade hit a slow walk of 62 per cent. Nor was it lucky for the theatre business, with three plays closing in Philadelphia alone, or indeed for the stock market, where it became a question who was the more bearish, the brokers or the bears themselves. Nor, finally, was it lucky for Prince Rainier of Monaco. On the day of his French crisis he and Princess Grace were in Paris. He flew back while Princess Grace stayed on, reportedly to "finish her shopping." It is our theory that she stayed on to take things back.

• • •

On the foreign front, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, the man who during the month relayed the invitation of Premier Khrushchev to President and Mrs. Kennedy to visit the Soviet Union, also came back with a story of his own visit. When photographers appeared to take pictures of Khrushchev and Udall together, the Soviet Premier was most considerate. "If you want to shake your finger at me," he said, "go ahead. I know it will help you back home."

• • •

Back home, on the Mississippi front,

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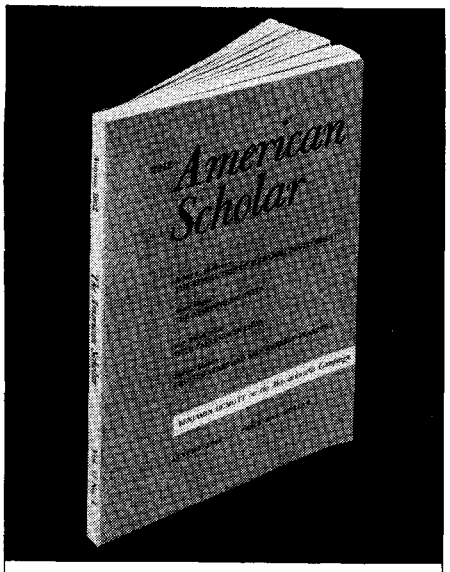

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the most remarkable suggestion for the marshalls guarding Mr. Meredith came from our own wife. "I don't see why they just use tear gas," she said irritatedly. "With all the new things they've got pouring out of Cape Canaveral, they must have something better." Her suggestion—to envelop the entire State of Ole Miss, from Governor Ross Barnett on down, in a non-lethal, but very permanent, black dye.

• • •

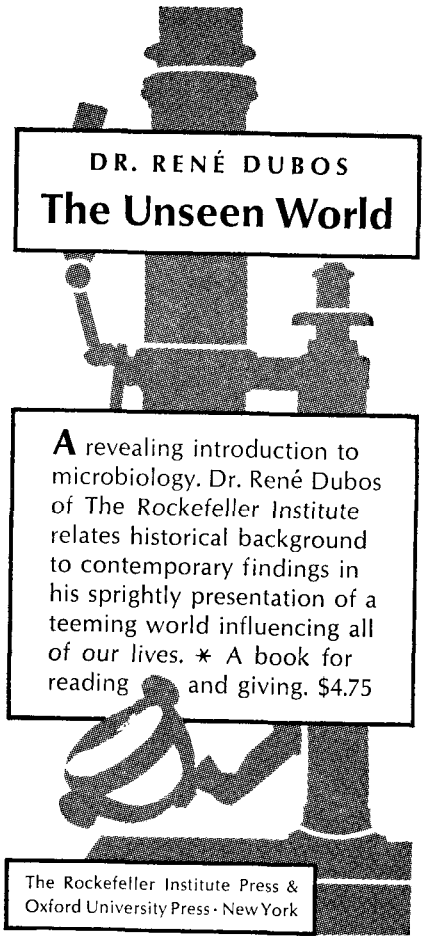
During the month virtually every picture magazine, and some newsmagazines, devoted whole issues to California—on the eve of that state's emgence as the country's No. 1 in population. Somehow it seemed to us a dubious distinction. After all, there are places with even more people—such as, for instance, China. Visiting in California, however, we did see firsthand the success of the *New York Times* Western edition — an excellent newspaper—and we also learned the meaning of a California cook-out. It means the cook's out.

• • •

In Pasadena we attended the opening of the Vincent Price Art Collection —now being sold on a satisfaction-guaranteed-or-your-money-back basis by Sears, Roebuck. The remarkable Mr. Price, who is to Sears Art what Ted Williams is to Sears Sport, will soon be the biggest art dealer in history. In less than four months since the Sears program began he has bought over 10,000 pictures—an incredibly broad range from Rembrandt to the drawings of a talented thirteen-year-old. All the Sears brass came to California from Chicago for the event; and among other things we learned was that all Sears executives go to work at 8 A.M. "My motto," Chairman of the Board Austin Cushman told us, "is wait to worry." We also found Mr. Cushman surprisingly sanguine for a business executive these days on the subject of President Kennedy. "Big business executives are surrounded by yes-men," he told us. "I often wonder how I would work if I was being shot at all day long."

• • •

Repairing to Las Vegas, the town of the wide-open boom and equally exposed bust, we played in a golf tournament in partnership with none other than Allie P. Reynolds, formerly of the New York Yankees and now of Oklahoma City's Atlas Mud Company. Chief Allie's drives had to be seen to be believed, and on one 308-yard hole, with no favoring wind, he used a No. 1 iron and hit the green. At forty-five, he still hits the ball as far as any golf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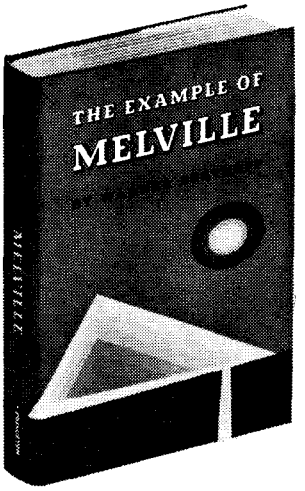

UNLIKE EARLIER STUDIES preoccupied with Melville's symbolism, this analysis considers his writing in the round – stresses the significant aspects of his literary craftsmanship, his language, characters, use of landscapes, seascapes, and the vitality of his imagination.

The Example of Melville

by Warner Berthoff

$5.00 at your bookstore
Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

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ERICK FRIEDMAN: PROTÉGÉ OF HEIFETZ In his first solo album, Friedman fulfills the promise he showed as a child prodigy. The fiendishly difficult cadenza to the Paganini Concerto No. 1 is Friedman's own composition. Again in the Saint-Saëns Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, he shows his is a wonderfully sensitive virtuosity.

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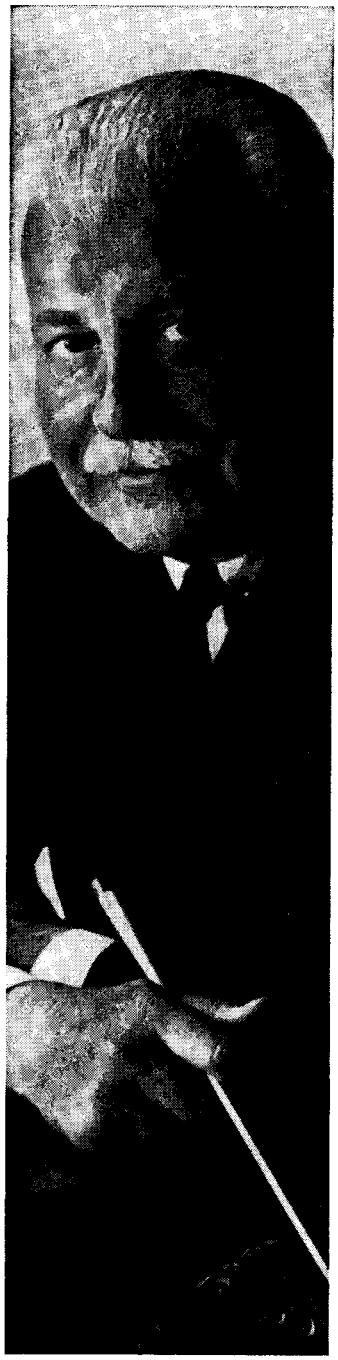

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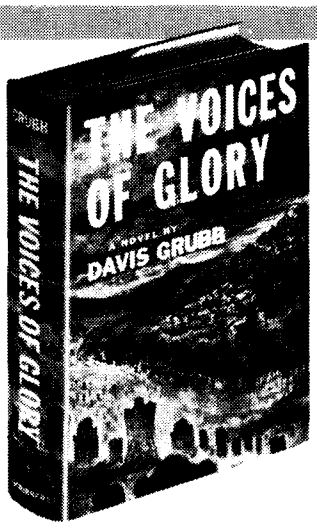

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pro and a few years ago hit it farther than any—including George Bayer. *Curiously, in his entire career in the majors,* however, Allie hit just one home run—off Early Wynn in Washington. "I didn't see it good," he told us. "and I ran all the way. Then when I got by second, I saw the third base coach holding up his hand. I thought he wanted me to go back so I turned and slid into second. It was pretty embarrassing. It was the opening day of the season and the President was there."

• • •

Our nomination for oblivion this month goes to any and all movies in which advertising plugs appear. It's the latest Hollywood idea, apparently, to save Hollywood—the idea being for the advertisers to help pay, of all things, for the cost of advertising the picture. We liked best *Insider's Newsletter*'s comment. "Coming distractions," it called them. And, speaking of *Insider's Newsletter*, our nomination for non-oblivion goes to New York's newest publication, *Outsider's Newsletter*. "We are not worried about what is going on," editor and founder Victor Navasky told us. "We are worried about what is not going on." One of Navasky's policies is to explode "Myths" with "True Facts"—e.g.:

MYTH: If we invaded Cuba world opinion would be outraged and the Russians would be able to move into West Berlin in the same way they moved troops into Hungary while the British and French were attacking Egypt.

TRUE FACTS: The way to counter adverse world opinion is to stir up favorable world opinion. Thus, before invading Cuba, we should find a country that is universally disliked by world opinion and attack it. Then, while world opinion is still on our side, we should invade Cuba. What country is most disliked by world opinion? The answer is obvious: Nationalist China. Therefore, we should unleash the Seventh Fleet immediately and push Chiang into the sea."

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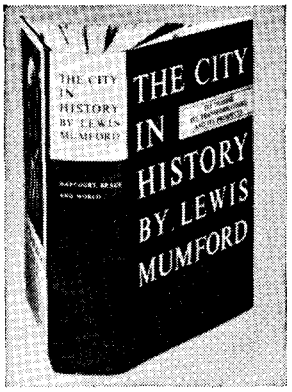

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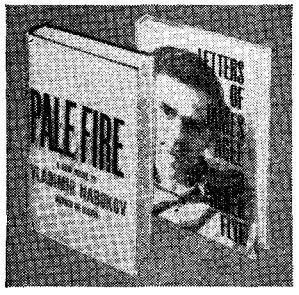

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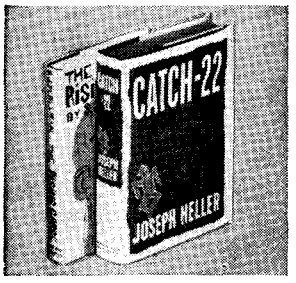

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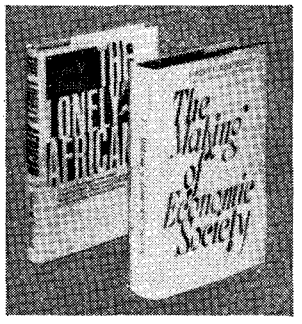

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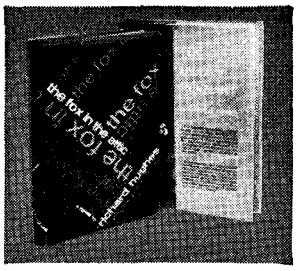

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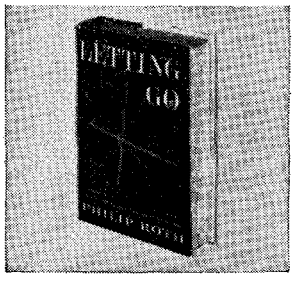

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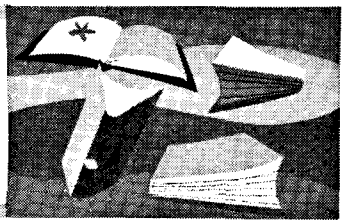
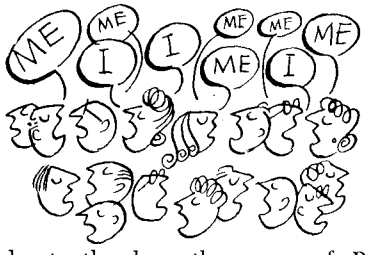


ON A RECENT TRIP to New York, Kansas City *Star* columnist Bill Vaughan attended his first literary cocktail party. He was pretty nervous about it, expecting the conversation to turn on James Joyce or Dame Edith Sitwell, for instance. He was afraid that he might



inadvertently drop the name of Burt L. Standish in the midst of such a conversation.

At the party he found that you could drop any name, even Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan. It makes no difference, because every author at the party was interested in no one but himself. From what he heard, Bill Vaughan concluded that the best literary minds of the mid-century are occupied with challenges expressed in such remarks as these:

"I sent my wife to every bookstore within ten blocks of Times Square, and none of them even heard of the book."

"You call this guy a tax expert? He couldn't get a capital gains deal for Bill Shakespeare."

"So I told them. I said you put a green cover on this book and it's dead. I called the waiter over and said, 'You ever buy a book with a green cover?' And he said no. So what happens? They put a green cover on it and it just lies there on the shelves."

Vaughan doesn't know any more about tax and publishing problems than about Joyce or Sitwell, so he was largely silent. However, being the author of a recent book ("Bird Thou Never Wert"), he finally discovered what to say. He sat with two writers whose books had just come out. As they discussed their tax men and their publishers, Vaughan had an inspiration.

"*How many pages you got in your books?*" he asked. Fate was with him. One had 176 and the other had 214.

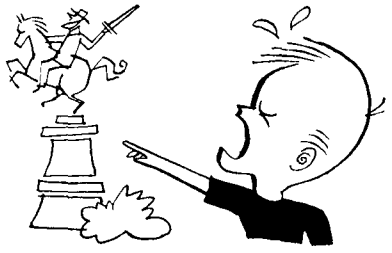
"I got 284 pages in my book," Vaughan replied, reaching for an anchovy.

I THOUGHT I'D get through these few years of ballyhoo without plugging a book concerned with the War Between the States. Unfortunately for my resolve, along has come "The West Point Atlas of the Civil War" (Praeger) and I feel constrained to praise it.

This is the story of the land campaigns of the war, told in about 150 battle maps, each accompanied by a page of text. It is the most pleasant way I have yet found to educate myself about the conflict without becoming confused. These maps are from the same ones used to teach the cadets at West Point. They are clear and simple, and a good many of them show the progress of battles from day to day—twelve of them follow the Gettysburg situation, for instance.

In addition, there are fifty maps dealing with the earlier American wars on the continent. This is a great big book, and it is a bargain.

THAT SUBJECT reminds me of the little boy who played daily in a park where there was a statue of General Grant on horseback. The boy grew very fond of the statue, so his parents were



worried about breaking the news that they were going to move to another city. To soften the blow, they took him for a last farewell visit to his beloved statue. The boy burst into tears.

"Goodbye, Grant," he sobbed. "Goodbye."

Then, as he was led slowly away, he asked suddenly, "Daddy, who's that man on Grant?"

SHELTER NEWS: A secretary, Richard Ramage says, was philosophizing on the problem of whether to let neighbors into her as-yet-unconstructed fallout shelter if the bomb comes. She finally concluded that she wouldn't be home—but now she doesn't know if she should lock the shelter each day before going to work.

►The following is said to be our official view of bomb testing: It is a part of our disarmament program—

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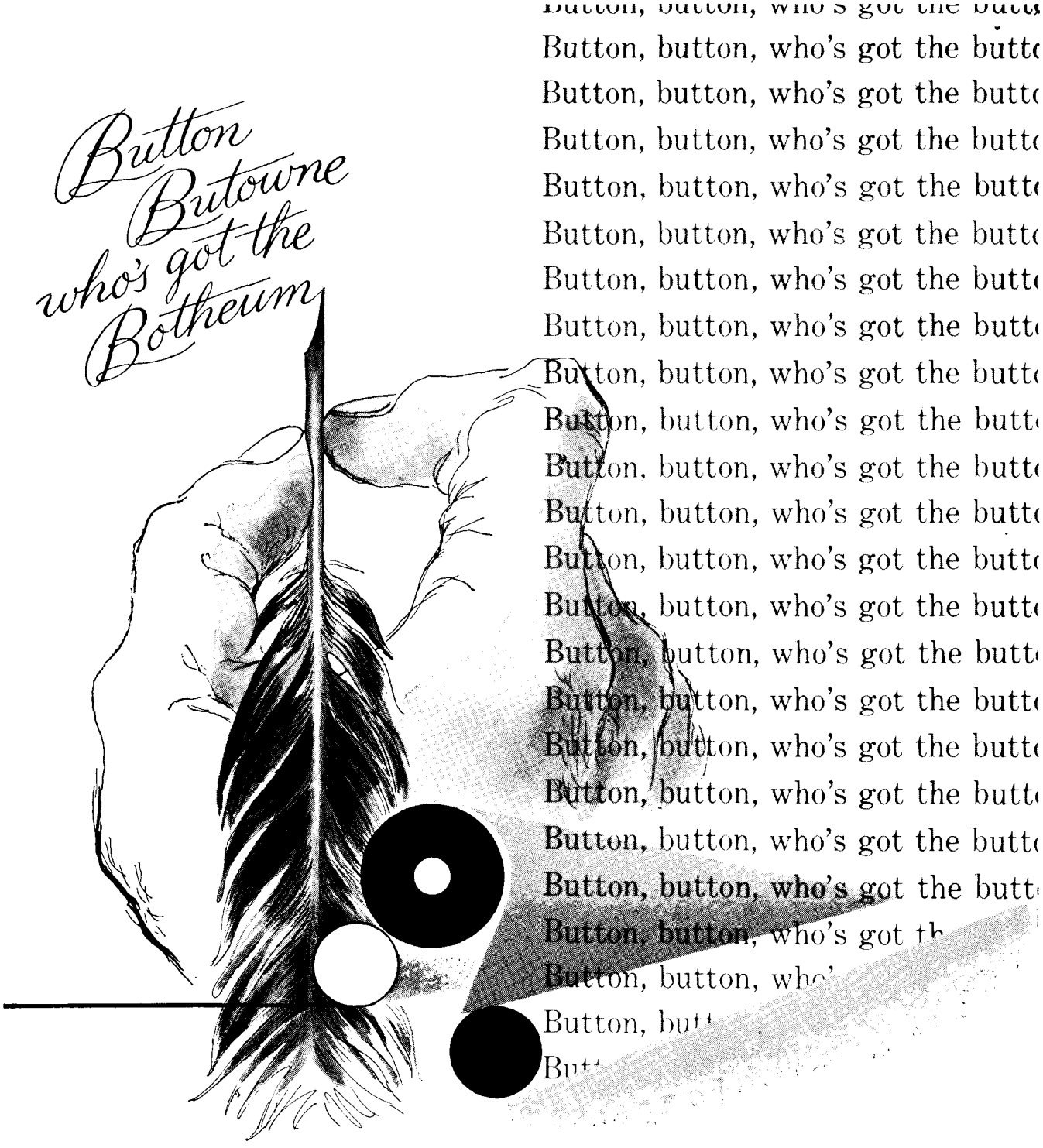

Before the advent of modern printing, most words had no official form. People spelled button almost any way they felt like it. They ate moltoun, motoun, motone, motene, motonne, motton, mouton, muton, muttoun, mutown, and mutten until the influence of printing became widespread enough to establish it as mutton.

Though spelling is now generally standardized, our language is still changing, still growing. And it is the printer who formalizes and popularizes changes when he assigns words to the printed page. This is a responsibility of which we at Rand McNally are keenly aware.

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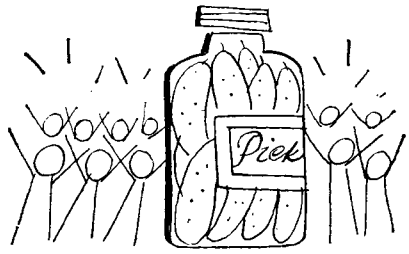
every one we set off is one less we have.

THINGS TO WATCH FOR: November 11-17 is Asparagus Week. Starting November 15, a six-week campaign by the National Pickle Packers Association to promote the product. Slogan: "Holidays Are Pickle Days."



THOUGHT that came to mind upon upon viewing the World Series on television: the National League has better shavers in it than the American League.

NOW THAT school has started in Paterson, New Jersey, Louis Ginsberg tells me these notions have occurred to him as he faced his pupils:

1. It is the teachers that will be taut.
2. Nothing succeeds like recess.
3. When he teaches punctuation, many of his students go into a coma; others are sensitive to the colon.
4. At the end of the day, his grief case is full.

THAT STORY about the commuter with the airplane propeller (*SR*, Sept. 8) reminded David Marvin, of Three Rivers, Michigan, about the time his daughters gave him for Christmas a gift certificate good at a ship chandler loft in Boston. Mr. Marvin converted the certificate into a huge bilge pump six feet long and of four-inch galvanized metal pipe. He shouldered it and somehow got aboard the five o'clock train.

A sedate gentleman glanced at the monstrous thing in the luggage rack and said to Marvin, "I have always admired bilge pumps."

Later, when the Marvins moved to the Midwest, he checked the bilge pump as hand baggage. When he arrived in Chicago and approached the baggage master with his claim check, the man greeted Marvin with a handshake and a "Hello, Brother. I recognized you as a railroad man right off. No one but one of us would check this thing as hand luggage. What the hell is it, anyway?"

HERE'S ONE of those little true incidents that are always so funny when they happen. It's reported by Captain and Mrs. James Banks, who were visiting her parents, the John Woolfendens of Carmel Valley, California. Mr. W.

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was opening a can of cashew nuts.

"Take them away, they're fattening," said Mrs. W.

"Don't be silly," was Woolfenden's instant reply, "cashews has a lean and hungry look."

SIGNS: In a Lake Forest, Illinois, shop: ANTIQUES—JUNQUE.

In a Brooklyn barber shop: I NEED YOUR HEAD TO RUN MY BUSINESS.

In a Stuart, Virginia, establishment gone out of business: WE UNDERSOLD EVERYONE.

On a restaurant near Milton, Massachusetts: YE OLDE BROWNE JUG—CHINESE FOOD.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Attention, publishers! The deadline for nominations for Pulitzer Prizes in Letters is December 1. Two jurors in each category—fiction, biography-autobiography, history, poetry, and general nonfiction—have been reading entries, but they don't want to have a pile of stuff arrive at the last minute. For more information: Professor John Hohenberg, 521 Journalism Building, Columbia University, New York 27.

►The Book Review Service of the Mennonite Publishing House has given a new edition of "The Sayings of Poor Richard" (Revell) a yellow mark, which means "Qualified Approval—Proceed With Caution." It's "an old and well-known classic. Ben Franklin's wise and witty proverbs are part of the fabric of American life. Probably not meant for Sunday School libraries." Can anyone tell us why?

►In Manhattan, Kansas, a youth broke into the Cowen Motorcycle Sales Company and made off with a motor scooter. Under questioning he told the police, "I guess I'm a cycle-path."

►According to Ernest P. Johnson, a stubborn bull, roaming an old battlefield, came across an undetonated bomb. He swallowed it, and finally it blew up. If you wanted to tell this story in two words, they'd be: abominable, noble. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1491)

J. S. WEINER:

THE PILTDOWN FORGERY

It is not at all difficult to understand why forty years should have elapsed before the exposure; for it needed all the new discoveries of paleontology to arouse suspicion, and completely new chemical and X-ray techniques to prove the suspicion justified.

HORIZON

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Is it a "Sir Anthony Van Dyck"?

...or only an "A. Van Dyck"?

The sleuth at right is one of 2,000 determined collectors who daily throng the slightly out-of-plumb rooms of Sotheby's, London's venerable (1744) auction house. Here you can acquire an Islamic astrolabe ("It doesn't exist!" said an expert) for $10,000 . . . a glass paperweight of a snake swallowing a fly ($3,500) . . . or Somerset Maugham's private collection ($1,500,000). It's best to know the clues. A questioned masterpiece, for instance, is listed as an "A. Van Dyck." The authenticated item is catalogued with Sir Anthony's full name and knighthood. We invite you to explore this booming market place for international treasure in the November HORIZON.

It's a good issue. It brings you a magnificent color portfolio of eight never-before-reproduced paintings by Rouault; H. R. Trevor-Roper's provocative answer to *Why Do Great Wars Begin?* Gilbert Highet tells how some classics of literature almost ended as papier maché; and René Dubos ponders man's adaptability to the delights of the nuclear age. You'll week-end with George IV at his fantastic Brighton Pavilion (complete with Mrs. Fitzherbert). . . .

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The look of this magazine is . . . well, different. It comes in *book* form — hard covers, *no* advertising. It's big (9½ x 12¼" with more than 120 pages), and it's beautiful — with at least 100 illustrations, more than a third in color, elegantly printed on three kinds of paper. HORIZON's content is as lasting as its format. Ranging over the world of arts, letters, and ideas, it can stir up many a discussion (and an argument or two) inside your head . . . and your circle.

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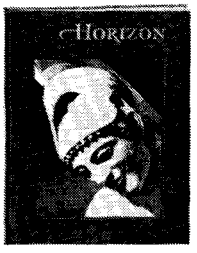

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

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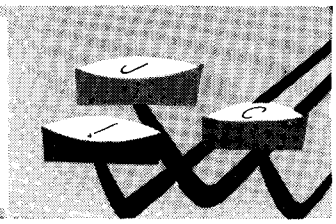

A NATIONAL CULTURE CENTER: Every now and then, when my worst fears are in danger of evaporating into hope, I stumble on a passage from the *Congressional Record* or on the transcript of some Congressional hearing, and I am instantly restored to the serene assurance that things really are as bad as I always knew them to be.

Make no mistake: serenity is no posey picker in Pollyanna's meadow. The only real serenity arises from recognizing things as they happen. "Right," says the serene man as the next thing comes into view, "just as I expected." And no matter what he sees coming—be it a tidal wave, the tax collector, or the next Four Horsemen out of Washington—he is serene who finds himself confirmed. Bless the Government Printing Office, for in its output any pessimist may find his confirmation.

It must be nearly two years since I received (and left lying around my study unread till just a few days ago) a pamphlet cumulatively titled "Federal Advisory Commission on the Arts: Hearings before a Subcommittee of the Committee of Education and Labor, House of Representatives, Eighty-Fifth Congress, First Session, on H.R. 3541 and Related Bills to Provide for the Establishment of a Federal Advisory Commission on the Arts and Other Purposes." The pamphlet was sent to me by the office of Representative Frank Thompson, Jr., a mover in the cause of government sponsorship of the arts, and was part of a lengthier documentation I had been receiving in the course of a correspondence with interested persons in government who asked my support of a project—now considerably more advanced than it was then—to create a National Culture Center. Congress had already approved the project on condition that $25,000,000 be raised by private donations.

I could not then, and I do not now, doubt the motives of anyone involved, but the idea itself, I must conclude, is a dud on its way to a disaster. In principle, I must insist, the best thing government can do for the arts is to stay away from them. In art, what is official is inhuman. What can there be left in it for the silent psyche by the time the Honorables from The Dark Below the Grass Roots have done investigating it? Even as mild a program as the Fulbright exchanges has been assaulted by the hog-callers. And when the Bollingen Foundation, loosely affiliated with the Library of Congress, gave an award to Ezra Pound on defensible if debatable esthetic grounds, the resulting political furor forced the Bollingen Committee out of Washington to find refuge at Yale, which despite opinions still current in Cambridge, remains a better government of minds than any now known to Washington.

By nature the arts must always be venturesome, or even outrageous. The worst thing that can be said about an artist is that he lacks talent. But it is almost as bad to say that he takes no chances. Don't give that poet a home: give him a limb to crawl out on and to saw off behind him. His business is not to win honor and status. His duty is to fail. It is his duty because he must want so much and must reach so far for it that he cannot hope to succeed. As such, his failure is a better success than all the killings on Wall Street and all the posies of the public wreaths. The artist has no right to trust government. All he can trust is in himself and in the demands of his form. He has no way of knowing where those demands will lead him, but he is on his way with no other road to travel. In glad selfishness he has a right to grab any handout that will keep him functioning. But the instant he begins to tailor his way of doing things in the hope of making himself more available to the handout, official or unofficial, then he has begun to destroy himself.

SPEAKING for poets generally, as I hope, but for myself certainly, there must be no truck with Congressional art. I will believe we have better disasters than that to engage us.

For the official process cannot help but destroy officialdom's best intentions toward the arts. The official process has no way of distinguishing between art and pseudo-art. And the fringes of the arts are forever infested with pseudo-artists who know exactly how to set themselves up in quintuplicate for official purposes, but who will remain dismal artists from now to the time the next ice age scrapes Washington clean.

What I value in the tardily scanned pages of hearings on H.R. 3541 is the monumental darkness with which it confirms my serenest pessimism. For these hearings the committee summoned to speak in support of the bill "persons who are widely recognized for

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their knowledge, experience, and interest in one or another of the arts."

Now there, I submit, is an interesting venture. Who should be called? Who are the persons a wise Congress might summon to its councils as "widely recognized for their knowledge," etc? The foolishly hopeful will immediately start to compile lists of artists. Let's say Douglas Moore, Copland, Barber, and Piston to speak for the composers. Say Graham and Limon for the dancers. Make your own list. And add lists of poets, novelists, painters, architects, sculptors. Let it be your heart's own directory of the living names that speak each form.

Then choke on your ignorance for having been human rather than official. The committee's alphabetical list of the "widely recognized" spokesmen of the arts runs: Mrs. Hortense Amram, practicing weaver; Hon. Ralph E. Becker, legislative representative, National Association of Legitimate Theatres and the League of New York Theatres, and the American National Theatre and Academy (how the official ears must prick up at the sound of such titles!); R. G. Beelke, Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare. And so on.

Of Mrs. Amram, Mr. Becker, and Mr. Beelke (to whom I intend no slightest disrespect), I know nothing except that their names fall at the top of a five-page alphabetical list of representatives, associates, union spokesmen, guild officials, and every other sort of agent of the arts. But I note, to my serenity, that no composer, dancer, painter, poet, novelist, sculptor of national reputation—and in sum no artist of hopefully final consequence—was called into consultation with Congress on the matter of a National Culture Center. Not at least in these hearings. I doubt that it would occur to a Congressman to ask artists about art. Not while the functionaries of the artistic fringes have what votes there are.

And yes, of course, we are all going to hell in a hand basket, but for my part, I shall lie among the other wrinkled fruit and glow as smuggly as I can in the serenity of having been sure of it from the start.—JOHN CIARDI.

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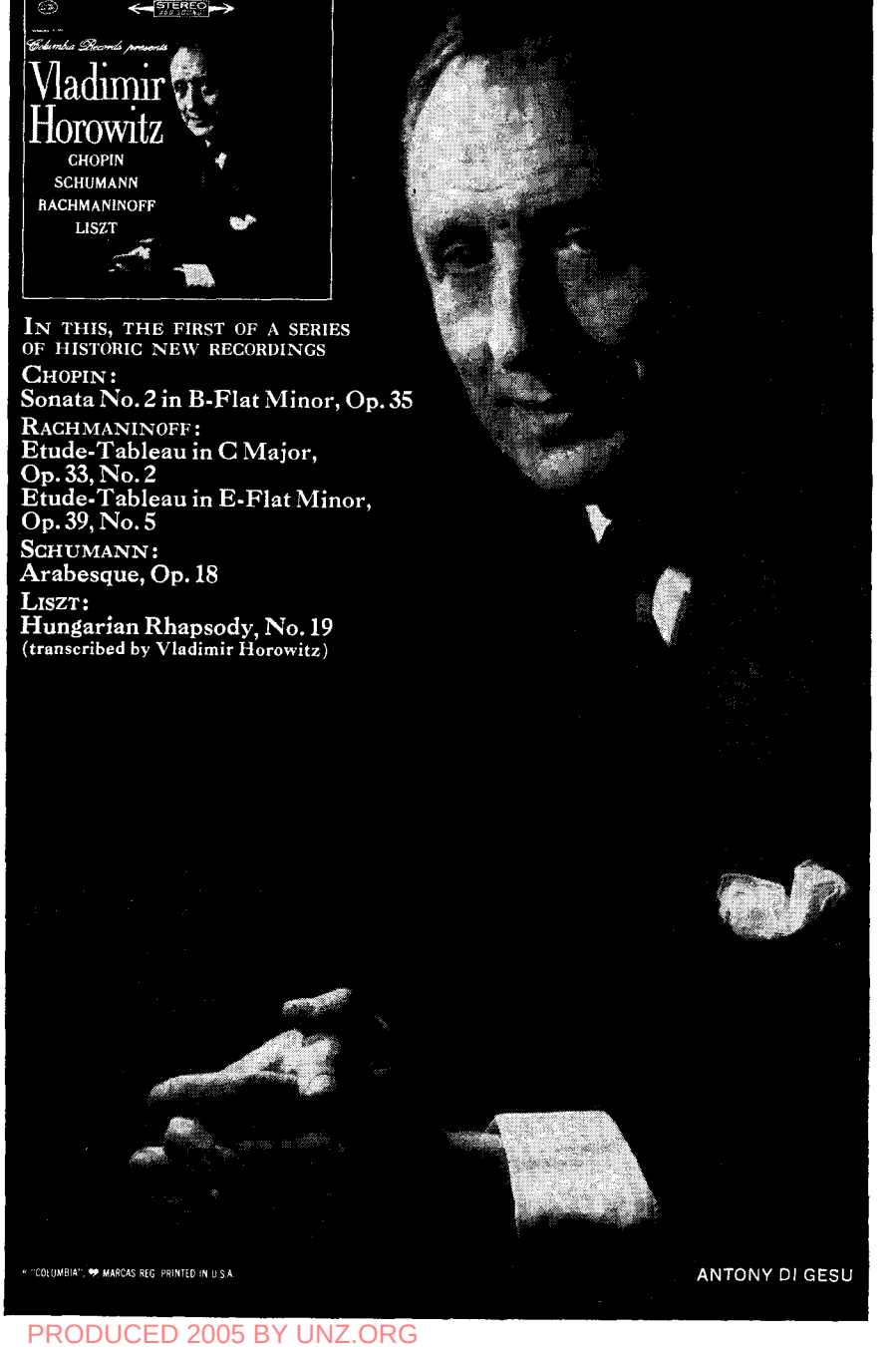

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ANTONY DI GESU

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 3, 1962

HOW MUCH CAN THE MOVIES SAY?

By ARTHUR MAYER

THERE is a story, wholly apocryphal, that Sam Goldwyn once planned to make a movie of "The Captive." "But," expostulated one of his henchmen, "the play's leading character is a lesbian!" Unperturbed, Goldwyn is supposed to have replied, "We don't want to give offense to anybody, least of all the lesbians. Let's make her an American."

The anecdote is worth repeating only because it graphically illustrates how thoroughly what motion pictures can show and what they can say have been revolutionized in the past decade. Today any normal teen-ager who attends movies has supped well on the abnormal. Every major motion picture distributor except Disney releases films such as "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Suddenly Last Summer," "Sanctuary," "Sweet Bird of Youth," "The Fugitive Kind," "The Children's Hour," and "The Chapman Report." They deal not only with lesbianism but with such hitherto tabooed topics as incest, impotence, nymphomania, voyeurism, necrophilia, schizophrenia, frigidity, venereal disease, and dope addiction.

The Motion Picture Code adopted by the industry in 1930 strictly forbade even an implication of sex perversion, but thirty years later the ban was lifted and such subjects are now permissible "if treated with care, discretion, and restraint." Indeed, for the past ten years the Code interdictions on what its authors labeled "salacious, indecent, obscene, profane, or vulgar" have—largely as a consequence of the increased power and recalcitrance of independent producers—been enforced with ever-expanding leniency. For example, "The Moon Is Blue," which as a play had road-showed throughout the country without apparently corrupting public morals, was rejected in 1953 because it dealt facetiously with seduction, using such indelicate words as "pregnant" and "mistress." Two years later, "The Man with the Golden Arm" was turned down because it treated the subject of drug addiction. Both of these films have now belatedly been given the industry's official blessing, and through the beneficence of TV their distributors can now make them available gratis for the edification of kiddies and teen-agers. "The Bicycle Thief," which I imported in 1949 in conjunction with Joseph Burstyn, and which was voted at the Brussels World's Fair one of the six greatest pictures of all time, was denied the Code seal because it contained a scene in which the distraught father, searching with his son for his stolen bicycle, strays into a house of ill fame. The recently approved "Walk on the Wild Side," however, is largely concerned with bordello activities of a less pedestrian nature. Indeed, brothels have suddenly blossomed forth as big box office; every

From "Sweet Bird of Youth."

From "The Man with the Golden Arm."

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From "The Children's Hour."

From "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."

prostitute, it seems, has a heart, as well as hair, of platinum.

In the meantime the power of the state and municipal censor boards, which formerly exercised an even more zealous control than the picture makers over film content, has also been undermined. Heywood Broun once said, "A case of sorts could be made for censorship if you imagine the job being administered by the wisest man in the world." The extent to which American censors fall short of this standard can be partially indicated by a look at the cross-examination of Police Captain J. Ignatius Sheehan in the case of "The Game of Love," as reported in *Chicago* for February, 1956. At that time it was Sheehan's function, assisted by five widows of police officers, to decide what the citizens of Chicago should see or hear on the picture screen. He and other censors are supposed to take special civil service examinations, but the last one was held in 1930. Here are some excerpts from the cross-examination:

Q. Have you taken any courses subsequent to your high school?

A. No, sir.

Q. How many literature courses did you have during high school?

A. I don't remember.

Q. How many books on an average do you read a year? . . . A dozen, two dozen?

A. No.

Q. It is less than that?

A. Yes.

Q. How many plays do you attend each year?

A. Very few.

Q. Would you say one or two?

A. No.

Q. . . . Do you attend the art exhibits in Chicago?

A. No.

Q. Do you read the book review section of . . . any newspapers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Are the members of the board required to have any special qualifications?

A. No, sir.

Q. Are any of them writers or recognized in other forms of art?

A. I wouldn't know.

Q. . . . Do any of them have any special literary qualifications?

A. I wouldn't know. . . .

Q. . . . In the course of events is the producer of the film ever called in to explain ambiguities in the film?

A. No. sir.

Q. Is the distributor ever called in?

A. No, sir.

Q. Are other people's views invited, such as drama critics or movie reviewers or writers or artists . . .? Or are they ever asked to comment on the film before the censor board makes its decision?

A. No, sir.

In fairness it should be added that

From "Lolita."

From "Les Liaisons Dangereuses."

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after a series of court reversals in the case of pictures it had banned, such as "Desire Under the Elms" and "The Lovers," the board has been reinforced by the addition of an appeal board consisting of five citizens with more impressive qualifications.

With censor boards all over the country manned, or more frequently womanned, by the cultural equivalents of Captain Sheehan, it is not surprising that their rulings over the years were a soggy hodgepodge of contradictions and confusions. Brown and black feminine breast could be exposed (apparently in the censor's book they arouse no carnal desires) but white ones could never be shown. Every board had a different timetable for the duration of a kiss. Forty-five seconds were about par for the caress, but "lustful embraces" were invariably taboo although no one specified where love stopped and lust stepped in. An indication of lust almost invariably recognized by censor boards, however, was when a man bent a woman backward in an embrace. Lovers were required to be upstanding characters. In Boston there used to be two censor boards, one for weekdays and one for Sundays. The Sunday censors cut the word "bawdy-house" from Laurence Olivier's version of "Henry V." Weekday audiences, however, were permitted to be exposed to this vile epithet. A few months ago the New York State Board outdid any of its past achievements by agreeing to approve "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," with two sequences darkened in the printing. Under this intriguing innovation a picture's fitness for public exhibition in the future may depend less upon what it shows than upon how clearly it shows it.

In 1948 Burstyn imported Rossellini's "The Miracle," which had been shown throughout Italy without clergy or laymen suspecting that what they witnessed was sacrilegious. Nor did this idea occur even to the New York censors, who licensed the film without cuts. Nevertheless, such intense pressure was brought to bear upon the State Regents that for the first time on record they overruled an affirmative decision by the Board and revoked the film's license. Burstyn, an indomitable little man, carried the case all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court, which ruled that the word "sacrilegious" as used in the New York statute establishing censorship was too vague and indefinite to furnish adequate guidance to the censor board. The court also rejected the position it had adopted in 1915 that movies were solely a source of entertainment and stated that "motion pictures are a significant medium for the communication of ideas and as such are included within the free speech and free press guarantee of the 1st and 14th amendments."

Libertarians rejoiced—prematurely. Judges, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once pointed out, are "naïve, simple-minded men," and last year in a five-to-four decision they shifted their position and declared that states and municipalities could constitutionally require a film to be approved prior to licensing it for public showing. The resignations of Judges Whittaker and Frankfurter and their replacement by Byron White and Arthur Goldberg may well alter two decisive votes when the issue again confronts the court.

From "Advise and Consent."

It should also be noted that in every specific case submitted—from "The Miracle" in 1952 to "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in 1959—the court, even as previously constituted, has overruled the censor boards, of which only three state and a handful of municipal boards still survive. As a consequence of these decisions no films can today be banned on the basis that they are "immoral, sacrilegious, indecent, or incite to crime"—only when they are judged obscene. Of the 798 films submitted to the New York State Board of Censors last year, none was rejected in toto and cuts were ordered in only twelve. The only important one of these was "The Connection," in which the four letter Anglo-Saxon word occasionally used as a synonym for human excrement was uttered frequently as slang for heroin. The picture still cannot be shown in New York, where a decision of the Appelate Division that "the word may be classified as vulgar but is not obscene" has been appealed by the State.

As to what constitutes obscenity, the U.S. Supreme Court in 1957 adopted as a test "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." This ruling, involving the inevitably controversial interpretation of the average man's standards of propriety, has scarcely served to clarify the situation. Pictures as well as books and magazines continue to be condemned as obscene in one jurisdiction and given a clean bill of health in others. Regardless of how obscenity is construed, it can be suppressed without resort to censor boards by the police power inherent in all communities. The only difference is that censorship operates before release or publication; police power subsequent to it. In both cases an appeal to the courts is possible, but such an appeal is costly and time-consuming. Burstyn's "Miracle" battle, for instance, took a year and a half and cost him approximately $40,000.

In addition to the growing impotence or laxity of censor boards and the Motion Picture Code Authority, even the once intransigent Catholic pressure group, the National Legion of Decency, has of late shown a disposition to tolerate films such as "Suddenly Last Summer," "Lolita," and "Advise and Consent," which formerly would have been summarily condemned. "La Dolce Vita" was approved in a "Separate Classification" with the peculiar proviso that it not be dubbed into English but that subtitles be used.

The artistic or social merits of some of these pictures, as well as of many

(*Continued on page* 52)

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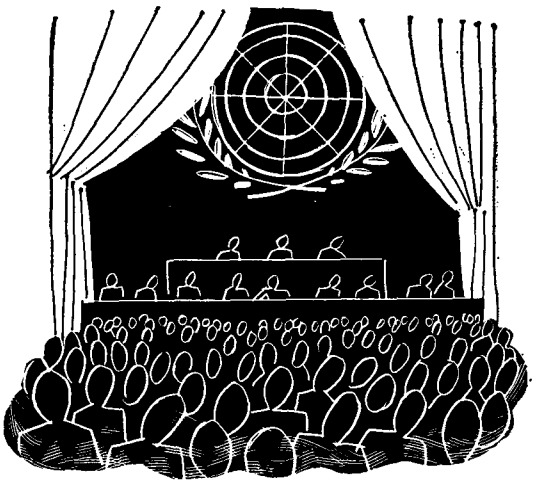
THE PRICE OF PEACE: WHO SHOULD PAY?



By JOHN G. STOESSINGER, *director of the United Nations Finance Project at the Brookings Institution.*

THERE has never been a shortage of Cassandras predicting that the United Nations would end with a bang, but there is now reason to believe that it could end with a whimper. Despite the recent World Court advisory opinion which declared the costs of the two U.N. peace forces in the Middle East and in the Congo to be obligations legally binding upon the entire membership, a financial crisis continues to threaten the life of the world organization.

The immediate cause of the crisis is the cost of the two peace forces. This cost threatens the U.N. with a deficit of $200 million by the end of the year—just about the amount of the proposed U.N. bond issue. Hence, even if all the bonds are purchased, this will only meet the existing deficit, not future expenses. A way must still be found to meet these expenses, and there are good reasons why it should be one that would make the U.N. at least partially independent of contributions by national governments. The most important of these reasons stems from the central cause of the deficit—the miserliness of most member states.

Actually, compared to national defense budgets, $200 million is a pittance. But seldom have so many important people argued so tenaciously about so little money. Why? Because, at present, fiscal problems in the U.N. cannot be divorced from their political context. Indeed, they are but another dimension of the political struggle for power being waged among the U.N.'s member states.

This political struggle was reflected even in the recent advisory opinion of the World Court, a court which was badly divided. Five justices dissented from the majority opinion, two of them radically. The Soviet and Polish justices took the view that the two peace forces were illegal under the U.N. Charter and that only the Security Council, in which the Soviets have a veto, has the authority to control them. The French, Peruvian, and Argentinian justices dissented on the general grounds that, since the two peace forces had been assembled on a voluntary basis, payment, too, ought to be voluntary. In this connection, each of the dissenters faithfully reflected the view of his national government. So did all the justices voting in the majority, with the single exception of the United Arab Republic.

Nevertheless, the long-term implications of the 9-5 opinion are far-reaching. In the first place, the legality of U.N. "peace-keeping" activities of the UNEF and Congo type has been affirmed by the world's highest judicial tribunal. Second, and more broadly, the decision implies that majority rule may begin to govern the behavior of national states in their relations with one another. On financial questions at least, a two-thirds majority of the General Assembly may now bind the entire membership, including those states that vote against. In that sense, the court's opinion signifies the first step toward the international taxation of states by the world community.

The obvious question which comes to mind, however, is: Where do we go from here in the immediate future? This fall the Assembly will have to decide whether or not to apply sanctions against states that are delinquent in their payments for UNEF and ONUC. Article 19 of the Charter provides that a nation may be deprived of its voting privileges in the Assembly if it is more than two years behind on its assessed payments. So far, this article has applied only to the regular budget and has never been invoked. All nations, including those from the Communist bloc, have always paid up within the two-year grace period. Now that the court has placed the finances of the peace forces on the same legal basis as the regular budget, the question of testing Article 19 will undoubtedly arise.

Guatemala, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Yemen, which were more than two years behind in their payments when the Assembly opened, have paid up as a result of American prodding. The United States wants to set a precedent for the automatic application of Article 19 against the big debtors—the Soviet Union and France—who will be formally delinquent in a little over a year from now. The Soviet-bloc countries have refused to contribute to either of the two peace forces, and France has agreed to pay for UNEF only. To ignore the court opinion and Article 19 altogether would be to make a mockery of the Charter. To insist on sanctions according to the letter of the law, on the other hand, might lead to a mass exodus by disgruntled states from the United Nations.

IN view of this awesome dilemma, the Assembly may be forced to hedge again: it may "accept" or even "endorse" the opinion in principle but decide to let nations pretty well ignore it in practice, especially in view of the fact that over two-thirds of the members owe money for the peace forces. The Russians may claim that the opinion was advisory only and hence in no sense binding upon them. The French may do the same or else may pay a fraction of their debts in order to maintain good standing and retain their voting rights.

So, all things considered, the court's opinion will improve U.N. finances slightly, but not decisively. Of the $200 million which the U.N. will owe for UNEF and ONUC by the end of the year, perhaps one quarter will be paid. But what about the future expenses of the two peace forces? There is now the legal basis for a special scale of contributions for peace-keeping operations. In drawing up such a scale, it

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is most unlikely that the Assembly will apply the regular budget scale in which the floor is 0.04 per cent for the poorest nations and the ceiling is 32.02 per cent for the United States. At best, the world body will approve a scale with a lowered floor—probably 0.008 per cent, and a higher ceiling of around 40 per cent. This would mean that the United States and several other richer nations would pay up to 80 per cent of the bill of over seventy African, Asian, and Latin American nations.

Several variations of such a scale are possible: First, it may become necessary to adopt a sliding scale in which the percentage contributions for the richer nations would go up and those for the poorer ones would go down as the total amounts apportioned by the Assembly would increase; second, it may be well worth considering whether to give special rebates to nations that contribute troops to peace forces; finally, in case of a new peace force, the initial resolution authorizing it might contain a section clearly setting forth the terms under which it would be financed.

This last thought is prompted by a perusal of the records of UNEF and ONUC: the establishment of the former had been authorized by the Assembly without a single dissenting vote, but the vote on the initial financing resolution was 57 in favor, 8 opposed, and 9 abstaining. The latter had been set up by the Security Council without a negative vote, but the Assembly votes on financing the 1960, 1961, and 1962 costs were 46-17-24, 54-15-23, and 67-13-15, respectively. Furthermore, by September, 1962, 41 nations were in arrears on their UNEF assessments and 66 on their ONUC assessments for 1960; the respective figures for 1961 were 65 and 78. These data indicate that a large number of even those nations which vote *for* the financial resolutions cannot be counted upon to make payment.

If a peace-keeping operation were linked to a payment plan, a vote for the initial resolution might carry with it a more direct commitment to help pay the bill. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it would probably be more difficult under such conditions to get a peace-keeping resolution through the Assembly in the first place. In the meantime, the crisis might get out of hand. The question must be asked, then, whether it is better to rush troops to a trouble spot and worry about payment later, or to make sure at the outset that the United Nations can pay its bills.

With all this said, serious doubts still remain as to whether the Assembly will be able to agree on a special scale for UNEF and ONUC. Besides, Congressional approval of a U.S. contribution of 40 per cent of the entire cost will be difficult to obtain, especially if France and the Soviet Union persist in their defaults.

It may then become necessary to consider the financing of peace forces on an *ad hoc* basis along the lines of a Korea-type consortium of nations willing to contribute men, money, and materials voluntarily or through pledging arrangements when a crisis erupts. Or it may be necessary to reopen the question of whether the issuance of bonds might not, after all, be used as a precedent for similar ventures into deficit financing for the world organization.

On balance, the fundamental problem will remain: Can and should the United Nations be equipped to undertake and finance costly operations which do not have the unanimous consent of the membership? If the answer to this question is "no," as the French and Russians would have it, the two peace forces would have to be disbanded and any similar experimentation rejected. But if the answer is "yes," then the world organization will have to face the problem of devising a special scale of contributions which must reconcile the desirable with the possible. And it will have to penalize the delinquents. But here is the cruel paradox: The rigorous application of the law of the Charter as interpreted by the International Court of Justice may, if taken to its logical conclusion, lead to the dissolution of the United Nations.

Probably the only way out of the dilemma is to make the U.N. less dependent upon the vagaries of national support by equipping it with an independent treasury. Several ideas on how to do this have been in the air for quite some time, and should be carefully examined for their technical and political feasibility. One set of proposals envisages modest U.N. levies on three types of international activity: mail, travel, and shipping. It has been estimated that a one-cent U.N. surcharge on all international mail emanating from the United States could bring in as much as $40 to $50 million a year. It would at least be interesting to find out how many nations would go along with such a plan and what the nature of the opposition would be. There are already precedents for international stamp surcharge systems in several European countries. The Universal Postal Union, a U.N. specialized agency, might be used as a clearing house for such a venture. A small U.N. levy on all passports might be justified on the grounds that the U.N. helps to make peaceful international travel possible. Under the old League of Nations, stateless refugees paid fees for their Nansen passports, and these contributions bolstered the meager resources of the League. And finally, a small fee might be collected from all ships passing through international waterways and canals. The fees paid to the U.N. for clearing the Suez Canal after the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt in 1956 might serve as a meaningful precedent for such an experiment.

A second set of ideas is more remote but deserves increasing attention. First is the exploitation of petroleum resources on the ocean floor outside of territorial waters. Only several weeks ago, marine biologists and scientists drew attention to considerable oil deposits in the Gulf of Mexico outside of Mexican territorial jurisdiction. Here might be an interesting opportunity for the U.N. to "go into business," perhaps through an initial loan from the World Bank, a "rich uncle" with a large amount of surplus capital. The launching of Telstar suggests new horizons for the U.N. in the form of a possible levy on all international telecommunication satellite systems. Some observers have even pointed to Antarctica as a possible source of revenue. The U.N. might lease or claim title to the vast mineral resources scattered throughout that frozen continent. It is difficult to estimate just how much money could be raised through these new ventures. The range lies anywhere between $50 million and $500 million a year.

Of course it is important to remember that a U.N. that is too rich might be just as undesirable as a U.N. that is too poor. States do not oppose certain U.N. operations because they do not want to pay for them; as a general rule, they are unwilling to pay for them because they oppose them. The financial crisis of the U.N. is, as has been pointed out, not so much a result of financial incapacity to pay but of political unwillingness to pay. A U.N. with a large and independent treasury might drive some member states into devising other ways of impeding the work of the organization. Thus the Scylla of affluence has to be avoided along with the Charybdis of bankruptcy. But this is a golden mean which can, and indeed must, be struck.

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The Vision Behind the Vision

By GRANVILLE HICKS

WHEN, in 1953, Leon Edel published "Henry James: The Untried Years, 1843-1870," it seemed probable that we were to be given a masterly biography, and there can be no doubt about it now that the second and third volumes have appeared: **"Henry James: The Conquest of London, 1870-1881,"** and **"Henry James: The Middle Years, 1882-1895"** (Lippincott, $8.50 each, $16 for the two volumes). F. W. Dupee's "James" remains a valuable study, particularly for the beginner; but Edel has given himself the advantage of plenty of space, and has made good use of it.

Henry James

In his introduction to "The Middle Years" Edel writes: "My task has not been easy, for James long ago described his determination to make the struggle between himself and his future biographer more equal than is usually the case in literary history." But if James burned many letters and urged his correspondents to destroy his letters to them, a great mass of relevant materials has inevitably survived. Edel, a first-rate researcher, has made the most of the obvious sources, and has also played detective with great skill.

The two volumes cover twenty-five years of James's life, starting with the end of his apprenticeship, describing his first novel, his decision to live in Europe, his years in Paris, his many years in London, his frequent visits to Italy, and recording the steady progress of his literary career. We see him as he works on a series of novels, from "Roderick Hudson" to "The Tragic Muse," and writes large numbers of short stories, travel sketches, and critical essays. We watch the growth of his reputation, his achievement of popularity with "Daisy Miller," the falling off of his public in the late 1880s.

The volumes should dispose forever of the notion that James, one of the hardest working writers who ever lived and one of the most productive, was a dilettante. The regularity with which he worked, under all conditions, was a marvel to his brother William, and the quantity as well as the quality of what he wrote is a marvel to us today. Even as an apprentice he was resolute, ambitious, and self-confident, and he was practical, too, capable of driving a hard bargain with a publisher or editor. Although he had to ask his father for help at the outset of his career, during most of his life he supported himself by means of his writing.

It is equally false to suppose that he had little experience of the world. Certain sorts of experience, to be sure, he did not have, but he was no recluse. He was a great traveler, and, as his books abundantly show, he made more than most people of what he saw. During the first part of his life in London he was an indefatigable diner-out and an habitué of country estates. He knew most of the men of letters of his era: Turgenev, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, to say nothing of his American contemporaries or of the large number of younger writers who respected him. He also knew politicians, financiers, diplomats.

One of the questions any biographer has to ask himself is why James never married. Edel accepts James's own explanation pretty much at face value. "I am too good a bachelor to spoil," James wrote to a friend. Edel comments: ""He had long ago made up his mind he would not marry. It was not so much a matter of making up his mind as of following his inclination: given his difficulties with younger women and his comfortable relationship with elderly widows and old ladies, he saw no reason why he should change his pleasant celibate status for one that might prove a threat to his art and his personal sovereignty." There is surely more to be said than that, but it is rather a relief that Edel does not try to psychoanalyze James. He lets us see for ourselves how James behaved in the company of women. One of his discoveries is that James was more intimately involved with Constance Fenimore Woolson, a local color novelist, than had been realized, and that the relationship had some influence on his writing. His account of that relationship shows how extraordinarily self-protective, and in particular how protective of his career, James was.

In "The Untried Years" Edel made much, but probably not too much, of the tension between Henry and his elder brother, William. In these two volumes he shows that this tension, what we would currently call "sibling rivalry," continued long after Henry was well established as a novelist and often played a part in the shaping of his themes. Now and then, as occasionally in his discussion of Miss Woolson, Edel seems over-ingenious, but on the whole he sustains his thesis.

As epigraph for "The Middle Years" Edel quotes a sentence from James: "The artist is present in every page of every book from which he sought so assiduously to eliminate himself." This is both the argument of Edel's biography and its justification. He uses the writings in the interpretation of the life, and the life in the interpretation of the writings. James's work is preeminently the kind that stands on its own feet; one can draw tremendous satisfaction from the novels and tales without knowing anything about the man; yet one's understanding can be enriched by Edel's knowledge and insight. Behind the novels and tales lies a vision of life, and behind the vision of life lies a man. Edel's re-creation of the man is a major achievement.

The mass of Jamesiana, to which Edel's biography is a contribution of the first importance, is being enlarged in various ways. Edel is editing **"The Complete Tales of Henry James"** in twelve volumes, of which the first two have recently appeared (Lippincott, $5.95 each). These include James's published stories from 1864 to 1872, the apprentice work that Edel discussed in "The Untried Years." All of these stories have interest for the student of James. There is, for instance, in the second volume, "A Passionate Pilgrim," which provides a key to so much that James was to write on the international theme. There is "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes," which shows clearly the influence of Hawthorne and at the same time has so many Jamesian qualities. There are "Gabrielle de Bergerac" and "Master Eustace" and many others that demonstrate how surely James was working his way towards mastery of the shorter form.

Another consequence of the recent enthusiasm for James is the reissuing of the New York Edition, first published in 1907-09 in twenty-four volumes, with two posthumous volumes added in 1918. The latest addition is **"The Princess Casamassima"** (Scribners, 2 vols., $12), one of James's finest novels. James's "really beautiful time" has indeed arrived.

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The World Begins with People

"Democracy Speaks Many Tongues," by Richard Waverly Poston *(Harper & Row. 206 pp. $4.75), discusses the problems and effectiveness of various methods of foreign economic aid. Stringfellow Barr, whose most recent book is "The Will of Zeus," wrote on this subject in his "Citizens of the World."*

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS book is primarily a first-hand report on what "community development" is accomplishing in the villages of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, and a plea that Washington's official efforts in foreign economic aid make more effective use of community development. As a first-hand reporter, Mr. Poston has done a brilliant job. The peasants he shows us, whether in the Philippines, in India, in Iran, or in Guatemala, come alive. I have read few books that can more quickly and movingly help the American reader discover why the bulk of mankind rejects our cold-war assumption that the quarrel between Washington and Moscow is this century's highest priority. Or why most men and women consider that quarrel merely the obstacle to solving man's chief problem, the life-and-death need of most nations for economic growth. Anybody who has gone into the villages of Asia for himself will recognize Mr. Poston as a superb guide, equipped with a warm heart and a cool head.

Mr. Poston is most certainly correct in judging that the kind of community development which CARE, the Ford Foundation, the Quakers, and other groups have helped make possible is indispensable; and that no array of hydroelectric dams and steel plants can provide a successful substitute. That American readers are prepared to listen to his case has been proved by the way the Peace Corps suddenly gripped the popular imagination.

Mr. Poston knows that foreign economic aid is a necessity. He knows that on the whole America's program of foreign aid has failed. He knows that Washington bureaucracy has responded only feebly to the kind of operation he describes in this book. But he seems to me not to have discovered the underlying reason for our failure: that the government of the most heavily armed sovereign state in history, engaged in daily short-of-war struggle with the second most heavily armed state in history, cannot possibly administer the aid program the world now needs with any real success. When it tried to, most of its aid took the form of weapons; of what was left, most went to "infrastructure" to make neutrals strong enough economically to fight, and much of the rest necessarily went to political elements in underdeveloped countries who were not interested in the poor but were glad to "buy American" so that the U. S. Congress would keep ladling. Under such conditions, American foreign aid became in part leverage for securing military pacts and in part a national PWA project that would have made F. D. R.'s eyes goggle and that has, along with juicy defense contracts, kept the Affluent Society affluent.

The cream of the jest is that if all or most of the problem of economic aid were turned over to the U. N., as the poor nations have been requesting since 1947, it would cost the American taxpayer less money. True, American suppliers would thereby lose a monopoly market: U. N. advisers would buy supplies in the cheapest market and no longer in the donor country. True, we Americans would "lose control" of our contribution—but we would share control of some contributions other countries would be making, which seems fair enough. And from my own on-the-spot observation of economic aid projects, I would judge that U. N. officials could insist more successfully than American officials possibly can on needed social reforms in the host country. When Mr. Kennedy makes such demands on behalf of his Alliance for Progress, he collides with small, wealthy minorities; and such minorities characterize underdeveloped countries.

Is there any way to prevent U. S. aid officials in, let us say, Iran from behaving like the officials of a sovereign state engaged in a dangerous power struggle, and not too successfully riding herd on the Free World—while its chief opponent not too successfully rides herd on the Communist world? If Mr. Poston knows this secret, he should have disclosed it in this book. But even without this secret, his book is richly rewarding, because he has the reporter's eye for a world in revolution, a marvelous and various world ever so worth any reader's knowing. In such a world the problem of economic aid is a good deal more complex than selling "the American way of life" to the Burmese, and Mr. Poston has eloquently shown his readers that democracy does indeed speak many tongues.

Mexico—Distribution of books in Spanish by CARE.

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No Panacea for Poverty

"A Primer of Economic Development," by Robert J. Alexander *(Macmillan. 210 pp. $5), offers proposals for speeding up the entry of the underdeveloped countries into the mainstream of modern life. Ferdinand Kuhn, a free-lance writer, has traveled widely in many of the lands discussed.*

By FERDINAND KUHN

IN SPITE of the Alliance for Progress, Americans still pay more attention to underdevelopment in Asia and Africa than in the Western Hemisphere. Editors in the United States believe, according to A. A. Berle, Jr., "that there is no public interest in Latin American news." Readers who know about India's five-year plans may have no inkling of Chile's twenty-five-year development plan, launched as long ago as 1939.

The shining virtue of Dr. Alexander's book is that it helps to right the balance. In explaining the problems of underdevelopment all over the world, and in proposing solutions, he sprinkles his pages with dozens of examples taken chiefly from the Latin American record.

Thus he reminds us that a one-crop export economy can be a curse in Brazil as well as in Burma; that a drop of one cent in the price of tin is even more ruinous to Bolivia than to Malaya; that diversified economies, in short, are essential in Latin America as well as in Africa and Asia. His Latin American examples carry special conviction because he has based them on fifteen years of study and summer travel south of the border.

Dr. Alexander, a teacher of economics at Rutgers, calls his book a "primer" for the general reader. He avoids footnotes and professional jargon; he assumes no specialized knowledge of economics in his public. Sometimes he states the obvious almost to the point of caricature. "A sick worker," for example, "is not generally a good worker." The aphorism recalls Calvin Coolidge's deathless words: "When more and more people are thrown out of work, unemployment results."

A more basic defect is that a "primer" on so complex a subject must simplify and generalize; therefore it can hardly fail to oversimplify and distort. Dr. Alexander finds, for instance, "a profound desire among great masses of the people in the underdeveloped nations to change the whole pattern of their existence." What about the "great masses" that block economic development precisely because they are unwilling to change their cultural patterns?

Or, to take another overly sweeping statement: the underdeveloped countries "can bring into use immediately machines that represent the experience and knowledge accumulated in two centuries of the Industrial Revolution." Which countries? How many of them can use the new technology without trained managers and adaptable workers, and without purchasing power to buy what the new machines produce?

In his sympathy for all the developing peoples, Dr. Alexander wants them to have everything. He wants new industries set up as fast as possible, plus tariffs or quotas or exchange controls to protect them; new safeguards for urban labor; new agreements and buffer stocks to hold commodity prices steady; new farm techniques and land reform, and much more.

To pay for all this, he would have the United States and other industrialized nations contribute vastly more than they are doing now. His procedure looks deceptively easy. Just ask the underdeveloped countries to ". . . get together among themselves, or as regional groups," and draw up detailed programs of their needs for a decade ahead. Then let the advanced nations meet and decide how much they will lend or give.

THE proposal, like others in this book, takes too little account of the hard facts of economic growth. Each nation is different in its ability and its readiness to develop. As Ambassador Galbraith has written, ". . . we can no longer speak of a common prescription for development. Any effort to offer such a general formula will be productive only of waste, frustration, and disappointment."

If Dr. Alexander has learned this lesson, it is a pity that he has not made his understanding of it crystal clear.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOMESTICATED FOWL

If you think the poets, old and new, have neglected the duck, the hen, the goose, *et id genus omne*, you've got another quack (or cluck) coming. Lysañder Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, submits various citations to prove bardic devotion to the feathered tribe, barnyard division, and ask you to assign the correct quote to the correct author. Cracked corn dispensed on page 46.

1. The lazy geese, like a snow cloud, ( ) Eudora Welty
   Dripping their snow on the green grass
2. A hen ( ) Edward Lear
   I keep, which, creeking day by day,
   Tells when
   She goes her long white egg to lay.
3. I remember a swan under the willows ( ) Richard Wilbur
   Oxford, with flamingo-colored, maple-leaflike feet
4. At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make ( ) Robert Herrick
   Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
   Downward to darkness, on extended wings.
5. You cross the road in the teeth of Pontiacs ( ) John Crowe Ransom
   As over a threshold, into waving, gregarious grasses,
   Welcome wherever you go—the Guinea Sisters.
6. The pride of the peacock is the glory of God. ( ) Wallace Stevens
7. And who so happy,—O who ( ) Marianne Moore
   As the Duck and the Kangaroo?
8. Neither pale nor bright, ( ) William Blake
   The turkey-cock parades
   Through radiant splendors, darkly auspicious as
   The ace of spades.

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Shades of Darkness

"African Profiles," by Ronald Segal *(352 pp. $1.45),* ***"A Short History of Africa," by Roland Oliver and J. D. Fage*** *(280 pp. $1.25), and* ***"The Arab Role in Africa," by Jacques Baulin*** *(144 pp. $1.25), initiate a new series, the Penguin African Library. Hal Lehrman, lecturer, author, and foreign correspondent, frequently writes from or about Africa.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

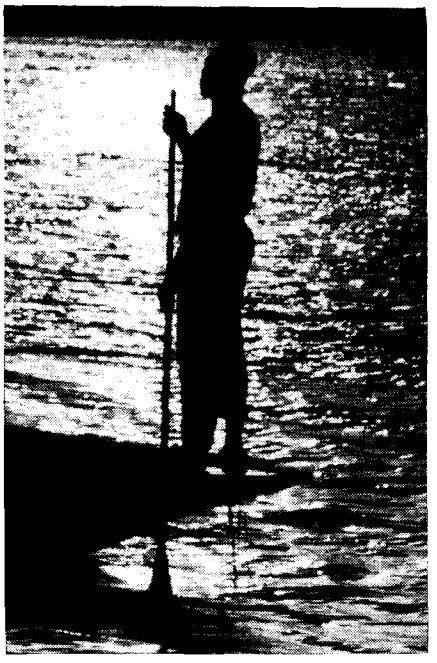
IT MAY be the discomforts of African weather, insect life, non-plumbing, and tribal ferocities, or just because our ignorance of the place is still large and the field fairly free of encrusted academic pundits. Anyway, the exploding Dark Continent tends to be a young man's subject, as these first three entries in Penguin's paperback "African Library" demonstrate.

The oldest learned contributor is forty-one, the youngest—who is the boss-editor of the series—barely thirty. Appropriately, the youngest young man is the angriest, and the others share with him two other traits of new-generation scholars and journalists: a robust personal identification with their specialty that sometimes bubbles up into unabashed partisanship, and a happy unawareness that finality is never safe when assessing a contemporary situation—because contemporary situations have a way of never staying put.

The caprices of each new wonderful morning are especially sly in Africa, and the perils of not allowing for them are particularly sticky in editor Ronald Segal's "African Profiles." Mr. Segal, a non-conformist South African who completed his manuscript in London "exile" last March, stoutly committed himself then to the notion that the two "profiles" that "best personified" contemporary Algeria were Ferhat Abbas and Ben Youssef Ben Khedda. His analysis of the Algerian revolution rests entirely on these two chiefs of the rebel Provisional Government. Today Abbas is in the cellar of power and Ben Khedda on the garbage heap. (But this, too, let me speedily add, may not be eternal.)

Further, it takes a splendid optimism —and a wee touch of unripeness—to have believed in March, as Mr. Segal did, that the Congo disunity crisis "seemed fast to be drawing to its close." Nor is it very scientific of him to have buried "Bourguibism" a while back because Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba happened at the moment to be outraged over hard-nosed French behavior at Bizerte. "Bourguibism" was and remains an imaginative doctrine of compromise and moderation, notably in seeking sensible accommodations with France and the West. Mr. Segal's premature obsequies for this doctrine reflect his own impatience with anything except lusty toughness toward all forms of "colonialism," or "domination, foreign or racial," as he calls it.

HOWEVER, "African Profiles," which surveys the continent from stem to stern mainly through career outlines of the leaders and factions in each territory, offers much information in a handy package at a popular price, though its reliability is somewhat reduced by the author's habit of switching between rose-colored and black glasses. Kwame Nkrumeh's dictatorial antics in Ghana are only gently chided, but Moise Tshombe in Katanga gets knocked on the head for declining to be drowned in Congo "unity." We are given a searing indictment of Portuguese beastliness in Angola, but Gamal Abdel Nasser's systematic appeals beyond Egypt to murder and revolutic are benignly passed over. Indeed, the whole chapter on the Egyptian Colonel-President—scourge of imperialists and darling of African unifiers—deserves a prize for obtuse benevolence. How else interpret, for example, Mr. Segal's conclusion that Nasser, when his much-touted United Arab Republic was collapsing around his ears and his loyal troops were enthusiastically surrendering to Syrian mutineers, "emerged with his reputation for statesmanship enhanced . . . "?



—*Pix.*

"the caprices of each new wonderful morning are especially sly in Africa . . ."

Something of the same double standard is waved, though less passionately, in "A Short History of Africa," by Roland Oliver and John Fage. For instance, the co-authors, though both British and both already distinguished for sober scholarship, permit themselves to dismiss the significant 1956 Anglo-French assault on the Suez Canal as "a fit of temper." But their bias shows more clearly in their zeal for Africa *per se*, not just as a thing to be studied but, having once been studied, as a thing to be loved.

Messrs. Oliver and Fage challenge the "parochial European idea" that Africa ever was "dark." Why, they cry Africa on the eve of the Age of Discovery enjoyed a higher civilization by far than, say, the aborigines of Australia or the Indians of North America. If there were scholars in medieval Paris, so were there scholars in Timbuktu; what the Renaissance "accomplished with pigment, the artists of Benin [in the Nigerian forest] achieved with bronze." From the Western historian's self-centered viewpoint, the antique kingdom of Kush below Nubia was a last gasp of Pharaonic civilization; but to our co-authors it was a bright proof of Black African alertness to ancient Egyptian inspiration.

THIS dogged impulse to justify Africa pervades the author's attempt to synthesize all that is known of the continent's pre-European history. Unfortunately, African history before the colonial era depends too heavily on archeology, linguistics, tradition, and the like to permit much precision. Thus adroit guesswork is a major tool for half the volume. Every scrap of fact or reasonable conjecture is treasured.

Having consumed so much space on what is half-known or dimly inferred, the "Short History" leaves relatively little room for the important modern period, where written records abound and much light can be thrown on current problems. Here the treatment is hurried and skeletal. The resulting

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reference manual will be useful, but for little more than looking up names and vague places. Maybe the whole history of no continent from paleolithic times can be effectively condensed into 280 pages. But there is at least something off-balance in a method that allots only two pages to the Congo's liberation and aftermath, or barely two paragraphs to the phenomenon of Nkrumeh's Ghana.

Jacques Baulin, a French journalist, is clearly more at home in the Middle East than in Africa. In fact, his monograph on "The Arab Role in Africa" is mostly about Arabs and very little about Africans, except North Africans who are mainly Arabs or Berbers, worlds away from the sub-Saharan tribes. Another oddity, in this reviewer's opinion, is M. Baulin's automatic homage to the occult power of pan-Arabism and Arab nationalism, though all his own evidence tends to shatter that myth. Otherwise, his little book is excellent, especially for its poker-faced inspection of Nasser's performance as a "unifier," in Syria and elsewhere. His conclusion is that Africa, Moslem, Christian, or pagan, is not about to raise the banners of the Prophet or of Pan-Africa and fall in behind the Nile's new Pharaoh. Nor does he perceive any imminent Black African harmony of interest with "white" North Africa, where dreams of regional federation are currently being jolted by rivalries among the three "brotherly" states newly carved from the French Empire —and by clashing personal ambitions inside Algeria, the newest and biggest of them all.

Penguin's African Library, under Mr. Segal's aegis, is already projecting several added starters, among them a review of "Portugal in Africa" (first available in hard covers) and a "Geography of African Affairs." The entire series, despite its uneven debut, has a high purpose that merits hopeful encouragement: to provide the general reader with concise, authoritative, and low-cost studies of backgrounds and aspects of a fast-growing, ever-changing, and globally sensitive trouble spot.

—*From "The Blue Nile."*

Murad, Mamaluke Bey.

The Eagle and the Sphinx

"The Blue Nile," by Alan Moorehead *(Harper & Row. 308 pp. $5.95), brings to life the dramatic and frequently bloody epoch of conquest and exploration of Egypt and Ethiopia that opened in 1769. Leonard Cottrell's books on the region include "Life Under the Pharoahs" and "The Lost Pharoahs."*

By LEONARD COTTRELL

AFTER his previous book, "The White Nile," one would have thought it difficult even for Alan Moorehead to write an equally good one about the White Nile's great tributary. However, he has done it; in fact, I found the present volume even more fascinating than the first.

Part of the fascination is one of horror. For, whereas "The White Nile" dealt with the years from 1856 to 1900, its successor unearths an earlier and bloodier epoch. Beginning with Bruce's exploration of Ethiopia in 1769, Mr. Moorehead goes on to recreate Napoleon's invasion in 1798, when the rulers of Egypt, the Mamalukes, hurled their medieval cavalry against the massed cannon and muskets of the French army, and were destroyed. In this chapter—one of the author's best—he points out that the last European invaders whom the Moslem armies had seen were the Crusaders, whom they had defeated some six hundred years earlier. So the Mamalukes rode out to battle on their magnificently caparisoned horses, armed only with spears, swords, and ancient carbines, expecting to chastise these new "Franks" as soundly as they had beaten the mail-clad horsemen of Louis IX. Instead they were blown to pieces.

The effect of Napoleon's invasion—short-lived though it was—was to bring about "the collapse at last of the Middle Ages in the Near East—in Ghorbal's phrase, 'the ending of the long Egyptian night.'"

The awakening was more like a nightmare. The Turks under Muhammad Ali, an ardent disciple of Napoleon, conquered Egypt and the Sudan by a process of massacre, torture, and pillage, and held them, as Mr. Moorehead says, "with predatory tenacity."

> They educated nobody except as a convenience, they thought nothing of the ancient monuments except as a useful store of building materials, they explored merely to destroy, and their government was directed towards one single end: to mulct the country of all the money, cattle and human beings they could lay hands on. Flogging, blowing from guns, impalement —these were the normal punishments for anyone who opposed them, and every governor general was judged by the success of his slave-raids and military expeditions.

The author, as one would expect from so distinguished a war correspondent, is at his best when describing the movement of armies, the clash of battle, the sacking of towns. These are described with realism, together with a civilized revulsion from the barbarities they involved.

> The people in Shendy erected mud walls around the town and managed to hold out a little, but finally their houses took fire and the Turks rushed in with the sword. . . . All male prisoners . . . were emasculated and the breasts of their women were cut off, the wounds being filled with boiling pitch to prevent the victims dying at once.

In the midst of this horror, in the wake of the pillaging armies, moved the dedicated European scholars from whose writings the author draws skilfully; these were the first educated Europeans to see the marvels of the Nile that are now a tourist cliché. There was Burckhardt, the Swiss scholar, whose real place, thinks Mr. Moorehead, "was in some small but distinguished German university, for he was a scholar of great diligence with a passion for detail. . . . A whirlwind of imagination carried him to Africa and the east, and instead of a schoolmaster in cap and gown we have a nomad dressed in a gellabiyah and turban riding on a donkey . . . a pedant turned explorer, a classicist in the wilderness."

Then there was the Frenchman

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The Use and Misuse of Polls

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, Elmo Roper, is a public opinion analyst and an Editor-at-Large of SR.*

ONCE the wallflowers of politics, polls have become the belles of the political ball. When the first political polls were conducted in the 1930s, they were greeted with the suspicion reserved for new and untried gimmicks. Over the years the polls have come to be accepted and their high degree of accuracy demonstrated, despite the setback of 1948 when it was found that the pollsters had not yet fully learned how to use this new scientific technique. Probably close to 500 polls will be conducted this year for parties and candidates eager for clues to the public's political inclinations. This is the "banner year" for political polls. Yet even now, the function of the polls is not always understood, nor are polls always put to wise purposes.

The most prominent use to which they are put is election prediction, yet this is one of the least valuable functions they can perform. Another way polls are often used is to determine, before a party makes its nominations, what candidate has the best chance of winning. Such a use of polls has had disastrous results on some political careers and left the body politic the poorer for the loss of some able men. Early polls tend to measure the pulling power, not of men, but of names. Done too far ahead of a campaign, they are really little more than name recognition tests, and they can't foretell what voter reactions will be once the campaign gets underway. The results of such polls are often misleading, yet they can often be influential when it comes to weighing nomination choices. For the politicians have firmly embraced the pollsters —in fact they have helped create an entirely new animal: "The Poll-itician."

Still another new use of the polls has come into being in recent years: as weapons in election contests. There was a time when practically everybody who did political polling for individual candidates would insist that the results be kept confidential. He would assure the candidate that the results would not leak from his office and would warn the candidate that if he announced any part of the poll, he had to announce every part of the poll that had any significance on the matter. Times have changed, and there are now some pollsters who are found making the announcement themselves or "permitting" someone else to say that such-and-such a candidate won an alleged popularity contest—not making full disclosure of how the question was asked or how the survey was conducted —simply leaking a juicy hint to some favorite reporter who will make sure it gets published.

Recently in New York we were treated to the spectacle of a pollster "permitting" it to be known that he had made a survey and that Robert Morgenthau was the Democrat who would come closest to beating Rockefeller. The results of the survey, including the actual phraseology of the questions, were, as nearly as I can find out after a good deal of investigation, never revealed. Nor was it ever revealed that Mr. Morgenthau, the winner of this popularity contest, was in fact the attorney for the firm that made the poll and sat for a period of time as an active member of its board of directors and its secretary. The question has been raised in certain quarters as to whether the purpose of this poll was to inform or to influence. One of the other candidates has asked the Ethics Committee of the American Association for Public Opinion Research to investigate the matter, and it will be interesting to see whether the polling profession has the courage to do its own policing or whether it will have to experience the fate of the electric utility holding companies, the investment bankers, and others and have the investigation done from the outside.

It should be added that the press has contributed its full share to this misuse of the polls. Asked to appeal for a release of the full data of the Morgenthau poll, the press was generally unresponsive. And when a rival candidate for the nomination, Samuel Stratton, released the full results of the poll he had had done, along with the information on the research techniques used and the offer that his pollster would make available any other information desired on the size and scope of the survey, nobody called, and the information that was furnished on how the survey was done never appeared in print.

What, then, is the proper use of the polls? (I am not referring here to the highly respected published polls such as George Gallup's, the Minnesota Poll, the Texas Poll, etc.) Assuming that a candidate does not commission a poll for purely disinterested reasons, what are the legitimate functions of a poll in an election campaign? Obviously, a poll can and should tell a candidate how strong or weak his position is with the voters. Is he strong in the big cities? Or the suburbs? Or the rural areas? Which area needs the most campaign-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PERILS AND PROSPECTS

HARRY A. BULLIS'S "A Challenge to Our Assumptions" [*SR*, Oct. 13] is one of the sanest and most enlightening editorials I've read in recent years. I hope policy makers in Washington will give careful attention to the ideas suggested by Mr. Bullis.

Coming from a former member of big business, the editorial appears all the more attractive. If we can find similarly progressive-minded Communists in the other camp, perhaps we can still hope to avoid a nuclear holocaust.

TIMOTHY TUNG.

New York, N.Y.

THANKS TO Harry A. Bullis for his positive approach to the convulsions of change in the world today. Most assuredly the clouds hang heavy, but certainly some glorious things are possible as we and our friends and opponents work things out. The past year or two has seen Americans in a state of uncertainty and confusion, but that is fading and we are on the threshold of an American renaissance such as we have hardly imagined. Interest in excellence is being shown in many, many ways.

MRS. R. E. LAMPE, JR.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

A FRANK FOR CITIZENS?

IT SEEMS TO ME that it ought to be easier than it is for us to inform our Congressmen of our wishes and opinions. The lines of communication between voters and their elected representatives in Washington are not what they should be. In an effort to strengthen them, I should like to propose:

1. That special postcards be pre-printed with the name and address of each Congressman, the number per Congressman to be in direct proportion to the number of people he represents. Further, that these cards bear red and blue stripes across the top to make them easily recognizable.

2. That each post office be supplied with these cards pre-addressed to each Congressman representing the district in which the post office is located.

3. That each post office be required to post signs giving the number of the district in which it is located and showing the names of the Congressmen representing the district, and stating that pre-addressed voters' postcards are available for sale.

4. That these postcards be sold at a price sufficient only to cover the cost of paper and printing.

5. That these postcards be carried postage free. That this be considered a citizen's frank, extending to voters the privilege of free mailing now accorded to Congressmen with regard to Congressional business.

6. That each post office have a drop marked "Washington," which will serve, in conjunction with the identifying red and blue stripes, to facilitate sorting and handling.

7. That these cards be transferred to Washington in specially marked mail bags bearing the district number of the point of origin and other such information for the purpose of speeding handling in Washington.

This plan, if carried out, should encourage greater numbers of people to "write their Congressmen" and would give our elected officials a broader base of public opinion on which to form their policies.

PATRICIA WALKER BIJOU.

New York, N.Y.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

ALFRED KAZIN aptly points out in "Does Anyone Remember the Thirties?" [*SR*, Oct. 13] that every thinking individual must "act as if the perpetuation of values, of our species itself . . . , were up to him." This message must reach others as well as the American "him." How will Mr. Kazin's appeal be interpreted by the "him" of totalitarian governments? Responsibility to our fellow man is not the job solely of Americans.

MERYL R. SACHS.

New York, N.Y.

DOWN WITH THE SHIP?

I LIKED John Ciardi's column on the responsibility of jet pilots ["Ride a Hot Horse," *SR*, Oct. 6] best of all of his contributions this year. It seemed genuinely consistent, effortless in style, weighty with moral substance, and, in simple terms, healthy in outlook. . . .

(The Rev.) D. GORDON JEWETT,
Cold Spring Presbyterian Church.

Cape May, N.J.

JOHN CIARDI, who questions the right of the military pilot to bail out of a disabled aircraft over a populated area, prompts me to admire the right of a journalist to be irresponsible if he chooses to be, or if a deadline forces him to be. His right to voice a valid concern in an invalid manner is a right I am charged, as a military jet pilot, with defending, among others.

It seems to me that when anyone sets out to examine or probe the delicate matter of moral responsibilities in another man's profession, he is exercising a right which carries with it an enormous responsibility to be fair, to be honest, and most importantly to be mature. Mr. Ciardi struck out on all three, and it also seems to me that the bat was on his shoulder. He didn't even try.

If my F-106 goes out of control over a populated area I know what I would do. Before Mr. Ciardi pilots his pen across the white expanse of a blank sheet of paper, I hope he will always seek and find the personal answers to those questions morally required of every journalist.

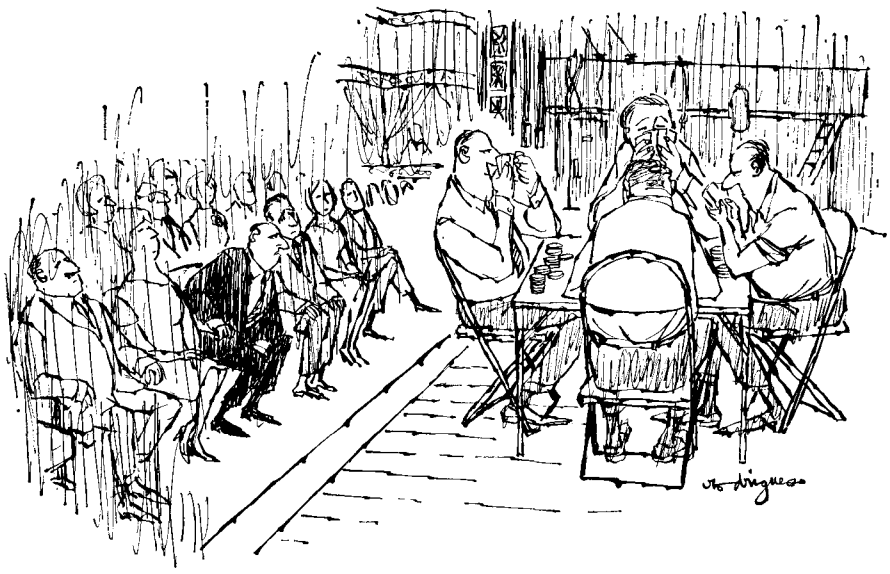
Mr. Ciardi and I are in important professions. We owe each other respect, not ridicule; trust, not doubt; and maturity, not childishness. Professionally, I will never let him down.

THOMAS A. DWELLE,
First Lieutenant, USAF.

Kincheloe AFB, Mich.

NO MILITARY PILOT can allow Mr. Ciardi's essay to pass without a demand for equal space. He is understandably bitter about a disabled jet crashing into a row of houses and killing an elderly man and woman under their own roof while the pilot parachuted to safety. However, he failed as an author and reporter by not mentioning the many military pilots who have remained with their disabled jets so as to miss schools, playgrounds, homes, and populated areas, and in so doing

(*Continued on page* 51)



"It doesn't look like the Budapest String Quartet to me."

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For This Freud Labored?

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR" is the name of a new sixty-minute television film series Wednesday nights on NBC. Hollywood-produced (MGM), it is the lion's roar at some of that high-rating meat enjoyed by Kildare and Casey in the medical arena. The twist is that the hero (Wendell Corey) is a psychiatrist. Since an easy chair or a restful couch in the conventional head-shrinker's office is presumably too soft a setting to compete with the gore and excitement of the competition's operating theatre, Dr. Theodore Bassett is a *forensic* psychiatrist. His beat is not limited to the hospital, courtroom, or judge's chambers, or even to his very busy telephone answering service. In recent episodes he has not only pursued his practice in the homes of his patients, but in one case he even visited a client's place of business. I was under the lay impression that psychiatrists were sedentary Nero Wolfes of the psyche. I was also puzzled, in viewing the first episode of the series, by the title phrase.

I had heard of the psychiatric fifty-minute hour: but why "The *Eleventh* Hour"? In the 1962 Fall Programming Issue of *Telefilm*, a Hollywood magazine, I discovered the answer. Norman Felton, the program's producer, describing his new series, said: "It will tell the dramatic stories of people in their 'eleventh hour' of need, their hour of last resort when, all else having failed, they turn to the psychiatrist." I knew then that the trouble with the program was its sense of time. "The Eleventh Hour" *is* a good title—but not for a series about psychiatry. It should have been called "The First Hour." The trouble is deeper than the title, though. The courtroom is a last resort and so is the surgeon's knife. The essence of psychiatry, however, is that it seeks truth and cuts through the veil of delusions—in the past. It goes to the roots of criminal or malajusted behavior and is not content to play about the surface where only the top of the iceberg of the mind is seen. But "The Eleventh Hour" seems somehow to overlook this fundamental fact.

A beautiful psychotic, in the first episode, is charged with the murder of her husband; she may have poisoned his first wife and is probably plotting to do away with her dead husband's daughter. Whose is the eleventh hour? The court's. The state hires Dr. Bassett to determine whether the defendant is legally sane or insane. It is a truism that no one really cares about an abstraction like the state. It was impossible, in this plot, to care about the lady schizophrenic. The dramatist's most difficult task is to make his audience identify with demented characters. Ophelia is touching in her mad scene only because we met her and liked her first in her normal loveliness. We were told nothing about the past of the female psychopath. She murdered her husband because he was fat, his first wife because she was old and ugly, and she hated their child because, as a stepmother, she had to change the girl's diapers. Beyond that—silence.

In a subsequent episode, an actor asks Dr. Bassett to commit his divorced wife to a mental hospital, so that he may have possession of their only child. The mother has spent two years in an institution before, suffers from suicidal impulses, and trembles spectacularly on the edge of irrationality. It was a psychiatric remake of "Angel Street," and it was impossible in the early scenes for anyone to dodge the sure knowledge that the husband needed an institution more than the wife. Without an understanding of why the wife thought she wanted to kill herself—which could only have been achieved by illuminating the obscure dynamics of her problem—the heroine, though beautiful, was cold, remote, and queer. It was not her eleventh hour that was important—it was the first hour—her past.

You either do psychiatry or a whodunit. You don't try to peddle Perry Mason disguised as Dr. Bassett. The doctor never functioned as a real psychiatrist: he was only a private eye in the second play. The mistake is so basic that you wonder how the people who produced this series could have made it. Perhaps the answer lies in their first hour. There's room for another series to have a go at it. Popular insights into the true nature of mental health are urgently needed. The dissemination of such insights is yet another burden that television hopefully may carry. It will never take it up at the eleventh hour. The secret lies in the ego's ancient history.—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Hyung Sook longs to go to school. But schooling is not free in Korea and the boy's widowed mother cannot afford the school fees. She works as a seamstress and earns about $4.00 a week. Every penny goes for rice and rent for their one small room.

Hyung Sook has heard of the generosity of Americans. He dreams that Save the Children Federation will find someone in America to sponsor him. Then he will have money for school, for books, for decent clothing, for more nourishing food.

can you say no?

Please say yes to a child like Hyung Sook! Through the Federation, you or your group can bring hope and help to a child. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and immediately begin a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters.

Your sponsorship may also enable the child's family and community to initiate self-help plans and provide small grants or loans to help put them into effect. Please fill in the coupon below so that a needy child in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, France, Italy, Finland, West Germany or Austria can look at the world with hope again.

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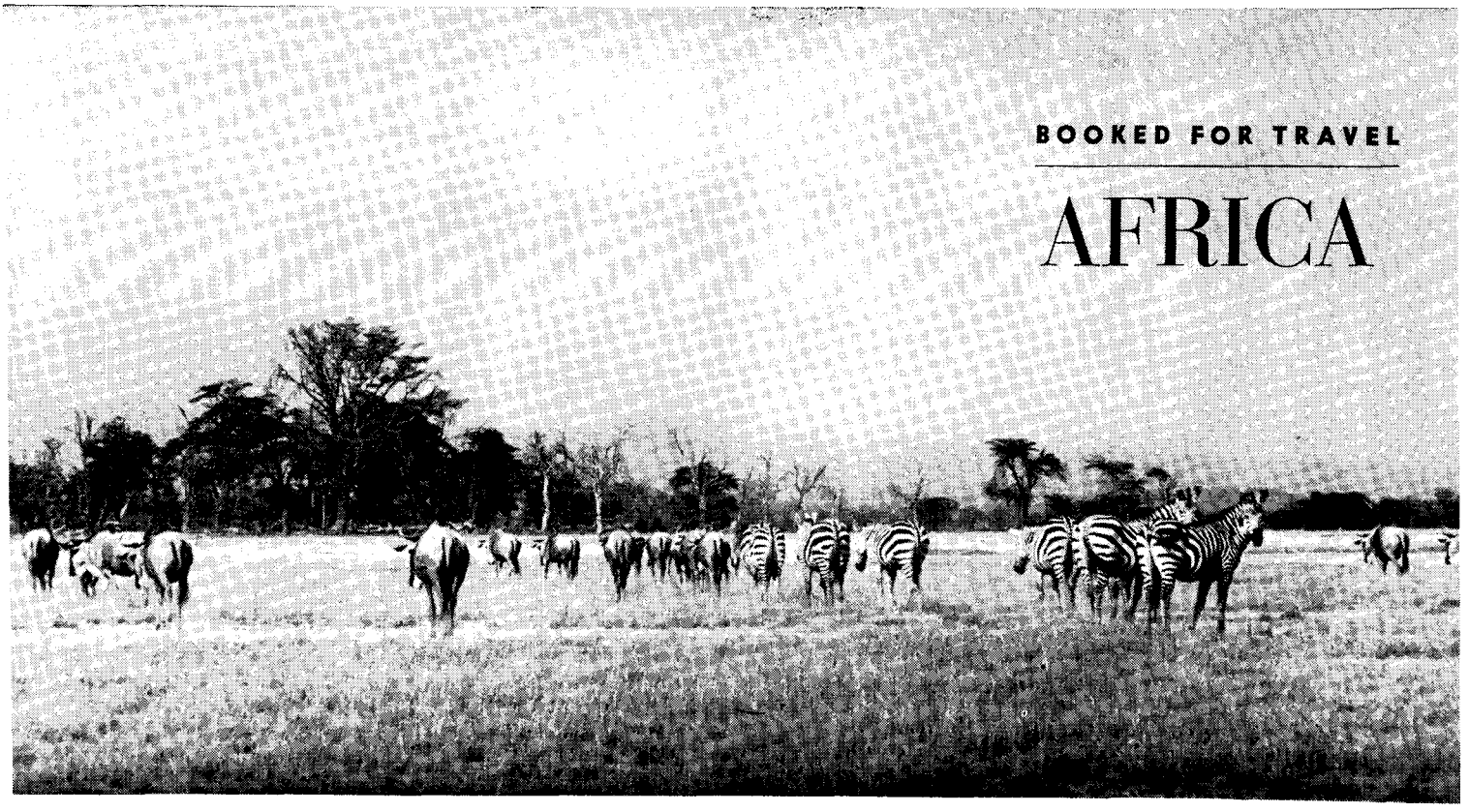

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

AFRICA

The New Continent: 1. Jambo

THERE is no visible reason for the establishment, or much less for the flowering, of Nairobi, a city located on the Athi Plain of Kenya, eighty-seven miles from the Equator, 300 miles from the coastal fringe of the Indian Ocean, and more than a mile high in the sky. It has no heavy industry that would require the import of fuel, nor does it adjoin any raw material for which the world cries out. When Stanley was tramping through the bush looking for Livingstone, Nairobi was still an unmarked tract of thornbush and dustland overrun with wild beasts, somewhere near the dividing line between the lands of the noble, blood-drinking Masai and the tribe of Kikuyus, some of whose brethren, many years later, were to erupt in the chilling Mau-Mau insurrection.

But the British, who committed themselves to the colonization of East Africa, notably Uganda, which this fall obtained its independence, decided to build a railway from Lake Victoria, which borders on Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya, clear to Mombasa, the old Arab center on the coast. By May of 1889 the troupe of traders, adventurers, engineers, workers, settlers, and camp followers had followed the line as far as Nairobi, a Masai name which means "the place of the cold water." At this railhead the caterpillar, crawling eastward across Africa, paused. The tents pitched there that spring were the origins of a city which has become the largest settlement between Cairo and Johannesburg.

I was, I must say, quite unprepared for the likes of Nairobi when I landed there the other sunny morning on the short night leap from Athens, coursing from the Parthenon to the game plains in six jet hours. I had expected perhaps, Port of Spain, or Port-au-Prince, or San Juan 1946. What I found was a bright airport of glass and functional line. Beyond it, on the first turn around the city, lay flowered traffic islands and flowered squares. Rakish new buildings rose handsomely on Coronation Avenue and along the broad boulevard called Government Road, which in 1916 had been little more than a dirt trail through shanty town. The Royal College was a sweep of glass, the Ministry of Works building soared in a fifteen-story square-cut shaft, and the trim lines of City Hall might have evoked a sigh, or, were they capable of it, a blush, from the members of the municipal brain trust in America's largest city.

Only at the market, covered and proper, where we stopped to look at the Mkamba wood carvers, the Indian sellers of zebra drums, the Kisii soapstone carvers, and the Kikuyu gardeners, did one feel the presence of an African civilization in the image in which it is traditionally presented. Here were the Africans, solicitous and, outwardly, anyway, friendly. "Jambo," they said, which is Swahili for "hello," and bade us linger and shop. "Jambo," said the Englishman with me, and somehow it had a London ring, as if he had sounded the two notes, the first one high, the second lower, of "Righto!" or "Good Show" or that other rejoinder used here, "First Class." (You'll be there at seven? Oh, first class.")

In front of the New Stanley Hotel, hunters in from safari in their baggy green bush clothes and broad-brimmed hats, turned up on the side like an Aussie campaign hat, were unloading a safari wagon. Prim English secretaries and businessmen in dark suits were having a coffee break at The Thorn Tree, the New Stanley's sidewalk café that is attended by waiters in fezzes and white robes caught at the waist by a broad sash. You can see every imaginable type walking past if you sit

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long enough at The Thorn Tree, a lady African buff from the States once told me exultantly. Her portfolio of memories of many afternoons there included the young African who paraded past in a trim suit of Ivy cut, button-down shirt, striped tie, and no shoes.

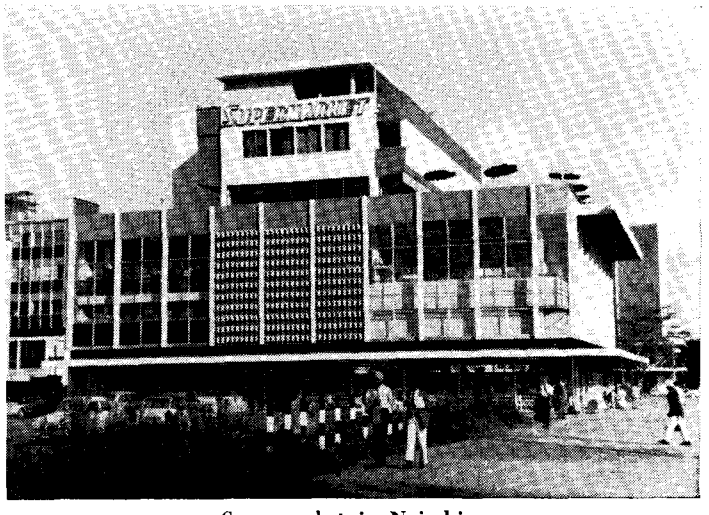
The New Stanley has a coffee shop which turns out sodas of a sort, but it also has an upstairs breakfast room where a range of things from Rice Krispies to kippers comes with the price of a room, about $7 a day. Its grill room is among the smart places of the city, and its white-gloved waiters proffer warmed dinner plates held between a fork and spoon, as a Swiss waiter would serve a *médaillon de veau*. There is Dover sole and Scotch salmon, and all the wines of France and Germany, and almost anything a traveler could ask for except a reasonably priced bottle of mineral water. A modest flask of Vichy is nearly a dollar.

One can lunch outdoors on the terrace of the Norfolk Hotel or have a swim in its pool or lunch on the open-air deck of the rakish new supermarket. In the evening one can repair to the elaborate Equator Club, which imports a band and, as the English like to call it, a cabaret, from Europe. Visitors are supposed to be members but, as with the bottle clubs in Europe, anyone willing to be relieved of a two-dollar tithe at the door will be admitted. The bar is swathed with zebra skins and the walls glow with tinted glass windows of African scenes. The talent the night I was there would hardly have been held over in Biloxi, but the two white hunters in our party, both of them just back from a five-week safari and about to leave on another the following morning, thought it all vastly amusing.

A private party given one night by the Domenico Tozzis, Italian travel agents who have moved their business here from Ethiopia, turned up an amazing assortment of people, among them Kenya's tourist minister, an Indian; the East African tourist director, Mr. Denis Mathews, a suave and amiable Englishman; a young representative of an American shipping company and his wife, just arrived from New Orleans; Italians representing Alitalia, which flies down from Rome three times a week, and Ethiopian Airlines, which comes twice weekly from Addis Ababa; an English journalist from a local paper who was at considerable pains to know whether I had been subjected to any African rancor; Mr. Tozzi's mother-in-law, who speaks only Italian; and his daughter, who speaks everything and who, on parental demand, puts on boots and leads parties into the bush. The wine was chianti and the food was, blisteringly, Ethiopian.

Besides all these community pleasures Nairobi was about to be endowed with television, and the papers were alive with news about the great coming, including the inevitable series of American Westerns. Then, too, the city had just gotten its own drive-in theatre, the Belle Vue, which, since it was built in the suburbs alongside the Nairobi Royal National Park, had to be walled in to keep the animals from distracting the customers.

In the last ten years $168 million has been spent on construction in Nairobi. Its population has jumped from 149,000 to more than a quarter of a million, among them 130,000 Africans, 96,000 Asians, and 24,800 Europeans. The Asians, primarily Indians, were brought here to lay the railroad tracks, a job for which the Africans were, in 1897, considered too uncivilized. Now, of course, as the Africans push for an independent Kenya, the future of the Asians is very nearly as uncertain as the destiny of the Europeans. Only the other day Tom Mboya, the young Kenya leader, dampened the Uganda independence day ceremonies by cautioning his listeners against wholesale ecstasy until his country too had been delivered. "How can you hold up your heads and talk about your own Uganda freedom when British imperialists con-



Supermarket in Nairobi

Sidewalk cafe at the New Stanley

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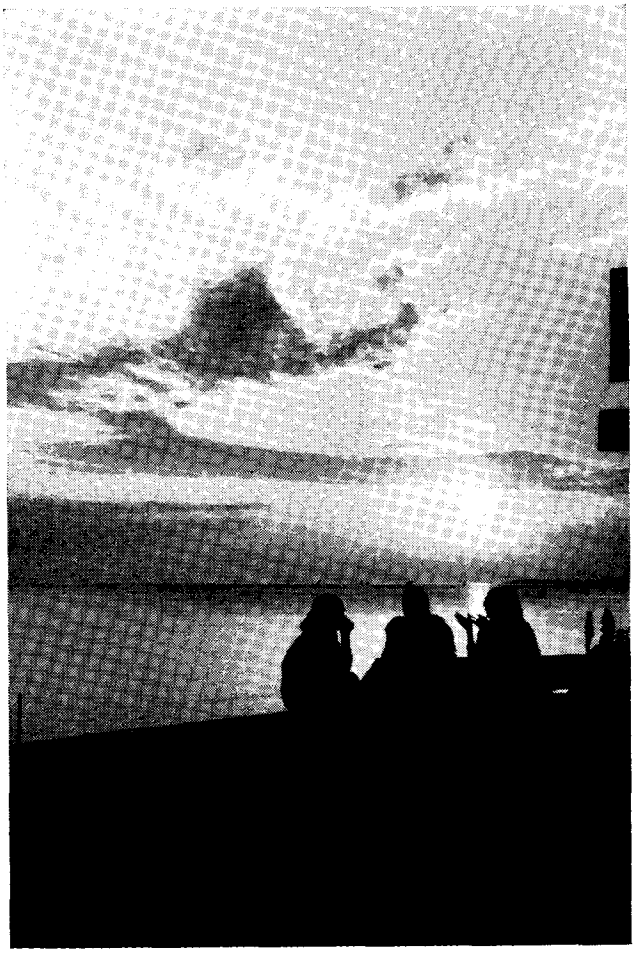

Strange new vistas and odd new faces await the traveler who journeys to the New Continent. Among the fascinations are these Coptic Christians, above, celebrating a holy day in Addis Ababa, and the Moslem women gossiping at the waterfront in Zanzibar while Arab dhows with their lateen sails sail the horizon line. The Chuka drummers below, cavorting at the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, come from the eastern slopes of the giant peak. The game plains and the Masai warrior on page 31 and the herd of elephants on page 32 were photographed at the Amboseli Game Preserve in Kenya; the lion on page 34 was honeymooning at the Nairobi Royal National Park when he was disturbed by an intruding giraffe.

—All photos by Horace Sutton

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tinue to oppress us in Kenya?" he demanded. And Apollo Milton Obote, the herd boy who became premier of Uganda, seconded the motion. There have been some African extremists who, after they run out all the Europeans and the Asians, would shoot all the game and turn the lands over to Africans for agriculture.

It would seem unlikely, barring the development of an anarchic situation along Congolese lines, that any sensible African authority would imperil East Africa's game, any more than Tshombe is about to blow up his copper mines. The game is an enormous natural deposit, not particularly because of the big-spending big game hunter who comes to shoot it, but to the masses of adventuresome travelers who will be swarming to see it. The emergence of this new continent has generated an enormity of publicity, and the publicity has stirred a huge curiosity. Tourism, if the political clouds are not seeded beyond control, will be the big pay-off, and no place on the continent is better adapted for it than East Africa with its myriad races, its pristine bushlands, its experience in innkeeping, its resort hotels strung along the Indian Ocean beaches, its overtones of Araby in Zanzibar and Mombasa, its fascinating tribes who have only peeked at civilization, its air routes, its jet-sprung nearness to Europe, and, always, its game.

One has only to venture as far as three miles from the center of Nairobi to pass through the rustic gates of the Royal National Park. Here one afternoon, barely five minutes through the entranceway, my guide, Lieutenant-Colonel Mervyn Cowie, had driven the Land Rover within four feet of three lazy lionesses drowsy in the grass. They seemed so barely aware of our presence, so indolent and uncaring, that we rolled on, passing plains of wildebeest and hartebeest, past jackals who run in pairs and lurk near lion kills, and fat, sleek zebras fearful as a bird in catland. How ugly is the wildebeest, the gnu of the crossword puzzle, who is an antelope by heredity though not by grace, a cow that seemed about to become a buffalo and then changed its mind. Marabou storks, unkempt and unattractive, sat on the Athi Plain and others perched in the branches of the flat-topped thorn trees. Then suddenly there was a giraffe and two more stalking about a gully. One put a hoof into the underbrush, then reared back abruptly, retreated several steps, and turned around to look back. Cowie sent the Rover cross country, jouncing straight into the high grass of the *donga*. Out stalked a shaggy lion, and he and the giraffe watched each other in a stand-off. The lion had been honeymooning in the brush with his wife, who made no appearance. With one casual look at the giraffe, the lion stretched out for an unconcerned nap.

Now we moved out of the depression called Lion Valley and up to a drift where a party of red-bottomed baboons paused long enough in their constant search for scorpions under rocks to have a look at us. They are the Yellowstone bears of Kenya's parks, and soon one presumptuous male was perched on our hood. Cowie reached through an air vent and tweaked the baboon's paw. It stamped and raged in furious temper and was shortly off to bounce on another car containing, perhaps, more appreciative occupants.

We rolled home in the fading light, past a posse of bush pigs. Near the gate seven cars had found our three lionesses, who were up now and sniffing the air for signs of the evening kill. As they moved off, the cars followed to see the action that would soon develop—turbanned Sikhs and a half a dozen kids in a Volkswagen, a swain and his lady out for an afternoon's excursion, a travel agency's trim white bus full of tourists, a lone businessman out for a breath of Africa after a day in the office, and a ranger to troupe after all of them to make sure the lions would enjoy a quiet supper.

A hyena, waiting for the night's scavenging, stood with its kid near the gate watching us drive out. I half expected them to wave goodbye. Back at the New Stanley, my fez-topped room boy had already turned down the bed and closed the glass doors to the balcony. I opened them and left them that way as I changed for dinner, pausing while I buttoned a shirt to watch for the first time how the night came down over Africa. Ahead of me lay the adventures of Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya, the Aberdares where the Mau-Mau hid, then the Sultan's palmland of Zanzibar, and ultimately the mystique of Ethiopia. Tomorrow comes slowly for me when uncharted lands await, and no matter what diversions Nairobi had to offer, I knew it was going to be a long night before the sun soared out of Sumatra, crossed the Indian Ocean and wakened me there on the Plain.

—Horace Sutton

(*First of a series.*)

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They also must all be able to speak English, French, Dutch, and German flawlessly. And you may meet one who is actually fluent in *seven* languages.

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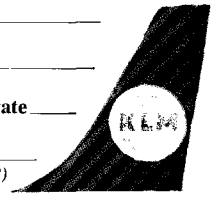

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LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART

—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

"The Horse," by Raymond Duchamp-Villon, 1914

COMBINING elements of modern machinery with the anatomy of a horse, Raymond Duchamp-Villon integrated the two so ingeniously as to invent a new species. Replete with wheels and pistons, his mechanized animal of 1914 saluted the power of industrialization, a theme that has engrossed artists during much of the present century. Some regard the machine naturalistically; others use it as a point of departure to interpret contemporary life with at once biting satire and amused compassion, but the majority seem to view it as a macabre threat. "The Horse," long considered a pivotal modern landmark, is a cubist sculpture that goes beyond rigid orthodoxy to suggest more than formal relationships. Recalling the dynamics of a mighty locomotive, it aptly paraphrases the image of the so-called "iron horse." A brother of the two noted French artists, Jacques Villon and Marcel Duchamp, Duchamp-Villon died in 1918 at the age of forty-two. —K.K.

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No Holiday for Stringers

They work for us just one night every two years . . . but this Tuesday night's the night.

They're the 1,650 "stringers" whose behind-the-scenes phone reports from the nation's polling places help make NBC's election coverage the very best in America.

NBC's "one-night-standers" every two years—all far more anonymous than either Chet Huntley or David Brinkley—include newspapermen, broadcasters, teachers and students.

Their "posts" for the evening run the gamut from a bank building in Honolulu to an Albuquerque High School cafeteria (where, presumably, they're handed the voting tabulations on a tray).

Non-Party Lines

In a great many cases, we have special phones installed for the stringers' exclusive use.

(Two years ago, one such phone—destined for a Manhattan school—was delivered in error to a fish market across the street. "I don't know why NBC wants a phone here," said the puzzled proprietor, "but it's O.K. with me.")

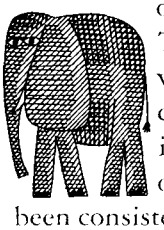
There's nothing remotely fishy, however, about the contribution made by stringers to our over-all election coverage. Despite television's electronic magic, on Tuesday it will be the human effort that makes the big difference.

That effort will begin with the stringers' first phone calls and end with the public "good-nights" or "good-mornings" of such newsmen as Huntley, Brinkley, Frank McGee, Merrill Mueller, Ed Newman and Sander Vanocur.

In between those times, NBC viewers will have had a superb hat-in-the-ring-side seat at a most significant off-year election.

Certainly there's no shortage of marquee attractiveness among the candidates. Kennedy, Lodge, Nixon, Brown, Dirksen, Yates, Romney, Swainson, Rockefeller, Morgenthau, Ribicoff, Seely-Brown, Jr. . . . they've been making news all year. A good bet for the day? That more people will watch the returns on NBC than on any other network.

The fact is we draw the largest audiences for just about *every* news event covered simultaneously by the three networks. In the last national election—and again, when all the networks were covering Astronaut Schirra's flight last month—more people did their watching on NBC than on the other two networks combined.



If we again outdraw the opposition this Tuesday night, it will be partly because our balloting totals in previous elections have been consistently ahead of the other networks. Exactly two Novembers ago, we even had a call from a press-association man asking us to keep our figures on the screen a bit longer so he could copy them.

But there's more to covering an election than accuracy and speed. There's the obligation to help the viewer *understand* the running totals; to let him know *why* an early lead may be misleading; and to spot a trend before it's much larger than a spot on the horizon.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Wagner-worthy "Meistersinger"—Mravinsky

LET us all give a hearty cheer, make a glad sound of welcome home for the real Rudolf Bing, the one who presented his credentials as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera a dozen years ago with a memorable production by Gerard of "Don Carlo" and has periodically renewed them with the Berman "Don Giovanni," the Gerard "Arabella," the Beaton "Vanessa" and "Turandot," and the Oliver Messell "Figaro," among others. Clearly he is, in person, again minding the store, for the sumptuous new "Meistersinger" created by Robert O'Hearn is close to Bing's best ever, and a sample of operatic production that would improve the look of any stage in the world.

Working in a spirit of elegant traditionalism, O'Hearn has set a stage which Nathaniel Merrill has peopled with the most convincing company of guildsmen and apprentices, townspeople and burgers, seen in decades.

Without exception these residents of Nuernberg are models of taste in clothing, household furnishing, and general well-being, qualified to personify the images of Wagner's richest fantasy. A splendid cast of mostly young (or, at least, mostly fresh-voiced) singers is equal, every one of them, to the minimum responsibility put upon them, and in several instances achieves close to the maximum.

Where O'Hearn has succeeded particularly well is in accommodating the amplitude of Wagner's accomplishment to the magnitude of the Metropolitan's stage without dwarfing the humans who must, after all, make real and meaningful this act of homage (underwritten by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.). Nuernberg probably never saw a St. Katherine's Church with the vaulted height of the one currently serving the needs of Act I, but it is not excessive for the rising eloquence of the first-act chorale or the soaring spirit of Walther's trial song. The interior for Scene I of Act III is more a study for Sachs the poet than a workshop for his cobbling, but it evokes a warmth and serenity beautifully suited to its purpose.

It is in the gabled dwellings of the masters and their fellow Nuernbergers for Act II, however, that O'Hearn casts a spell of poetic sorcery without which a "Meistersinger" production is an exercise in futility. It interprets the composer-librettist's stage directions with a certain liberty but always purposefully. Its principal elements are curving flights of street-steps to left and right, between which Sachs's dwelling, with its crucial part in the action, forms a kind of island. The important consequence is to permit a circulation of traffic around this vital point of the drama, enabling Merrill to make the scene of the climax riotous rather than merely chaotic.

Fortunately, too, for his finale O'Hearn has not felt himself bound to the purely realistic. Rather, there is a finely conceived forecurtain to bridge the music from the end of the workshop scene. When it rises on the gaily festive "bowl" which has been erected on the Metropolitan stage, the same perspective of Nuernberg is carried from front scrim to painted backdrop, as a cohesive factor.

Holiday attire is provided for all, from the Meistersingers in ankle-length robes and broad-brimmed hats to the other guilds in the party attire of their craft. A central platform serves musical as well as dramatic purposes when time comes for Beckmesser's fiasco and Walther's triumph.

So much has been expended on the visual side of this "Meistersinger" for the clear reason that it does, throughout, serve musical as well as dramatic purposes, and will continue to do so throughout many changes of personnel and musical direction (the last new "Meistersinger" at the Met would date a present critical "Dean's" debut). But it would take an unlikely benefaction of talent to give future audiences a better-sounding, more picturesque Walther than Sandor Konya, a more attractive, musically valid Eva than Ingrid Bjoner, a livelier, better routined David than Murray Dickie (his debut), a Beckmesser of more pith and honest ire than Karl Doench, or a more mellifluous Pogner than the New York-born Ezio Flagello.

Unlike some Pogners of memory, Flagello's is a pliable rather than an imposing voice which fits him well, however, for vocal palship with his neighbor and crony Hans Sachs as interpreted by Otto Wiener of Vienna. This is a characterization that builds steadily from Act I to "Verachtet Mir die Meister Nicht," by contrast with some weightier voices which reach an earlier peak and taper off thereafter. It will take another performance or two to

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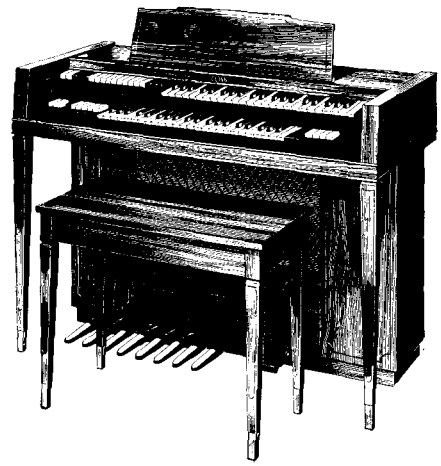

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determine whether Wiener's rather negligible impression in Act I is all intent, or some lack of capacity: He tends to be too much "one of the boys," somewhat submerged vocally as well as dramatically. Norman Mittelmann (Kothner), for one, commands a richer sound than Wiener's.

But as the episodes and the hours accumulate, Wiener broadens the scope, deepens the line of his Sachs, also summoning the nuance and inflection of his concert-singing days to make the effect denied to him by lack of volume. Much more of an extrovert Sachs than some celebrated predecessors, given to abrupt gestures and hearty humor, Wiener's is a thoroughly studied impersonation which rarely leaves a vital point of the text or turn of the music unattended. If he has not shown the richness of sound one craves in the "Flieder" monologue or "Wahn! Wahn!" he does tie the action together as a good Sachs must. In appearance, he is almost ideal, vigorous enough to explain Eva's interest in him as a possible husband, grizzled enough to explain his own wisdom in rejecting such a match.

In this year of 1962, more than thirty years after his first Metropolitan "Meistersinger" (as a much different man), conductor Joseph Rosenstock is disposing a fine sene of tonal values, a penetrating knowledge of the score, a warmly satisfying ebb and flow. If the singers sound as well, uniformly, as they did, it is at least in part because their needs are acutely balanced against the wants of the orchestra in Wagner's (and Rosenstock's) scheme of sonority. No "Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan

(*Continued on page 67*)

The Man and The Term

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

WHERE is the kindly old man
Who used to set fires,
The one who, now
Is a pyromaniac from Madville
In Psychopathia?

Oh, Mr. Jenkins, Jenkins, Jenkins,
Sometimes flecked with excelsior,
Sometimes smelling of kerosene,
You were a man to watch all right
And we did, but you
Were not a monster; for

I could still snare a rabbit,
If I had to, or still
Catch a trout, if I wanted to,
And not one of them, not
One of them, who didn't set fires,
Ever taught me that.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

There Are No Presidents Like Show Presidents

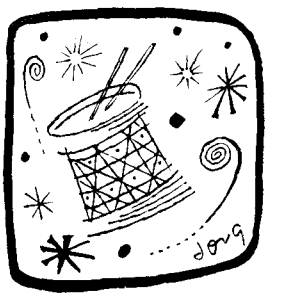
AT BEST, Lindsay and Crouse's new musical, "**Mr. President,**" is a series of mildly pleasant jokes and songs about how being President or First Lady of the United States can be a damn nuisance. The list of discomforts include lack of privacy, never being able to speak or act impulsively without paying heavily for it, the smiling acceptance of exhausting and painful experiences forced upon them by well-wishers, and a paradoxical absence of luxury at the top, the latter being amusingly shown when an ice-box raid at the White House produces only a peanut butter sandwich.

At first hearing, Irving Berlin's songs sound more uniformly well-wrought than insistently captivating, and after a while one begins to suspect that the mushrooming dearth of excitement in this show may be inherent in the very project of attempting an inoffensive synthesis of all Presidents into one neuter portrait labeled "President Stephen Decatur Henderson," which is actually *no* President. Indeed, President Henderson's party affiliation and political attitudes are never indicated. Nor, for that matter, do we know his personal set of values. The First Lady is similarly abstract, and their teen-age daughter, Leslie, is portrayed as *any* girl whose normal romantic years have been frustrated by the constant surveillance to which a President's daughter must be subjected. The President's son, Larry, also starts out as a synthesis, a representative of the rebellious Beat Generation, but he acquires a dash of character when he surprises his father by coming through in an emergency in a way that suggests that our seemingly wastrel offspring may be making a much better adjustment to the modern world than we suspect. True, this suggestion is only momentary, but it is most welcome in an evening that contains so little else to involve either our minds or our hearts.

The two suitors for Leslie's affection are also boringly impersonal. There is the handsome foreign diplomat, Youssein, who is charming to an un-American degree, and the "meat and potatoes" Secret Service agent, Pat, who is brash but steadfast. It would deprive "Mr. President" of the little suspense it has to tell the reader who wins Leslie, but let it be said that the maudlin offer of "Empty Pockets Filled with Love" is not rejected with the firm derision it deserves.

An even greater difficulty than trying to interest an audience in such impersonal characters is the way almost everything seems to be demonstrated rather than really happening. When the dancers do the Twist at the White House, they express no individual zest, but merely show us an absurdity for its obvious effect. Even a promisingly joyous number like "Laugh It Up" fails to come to life, because its fire is all forced draft.

The most genuine moment in the show comes when, after director Joshua Logan has created an imaginative Asian montage complete with Kabuki dancers and a marvelous white, pink, and blue elephant right out of F.A.O. Schwarz, Nanette Fabray steps forward to sing "They Love Me!" Here she unbends into a warm and funny human being, letting herself glow with happiness about her rough treatment because she recognizes it as a sign of love. Robert Ryan, who spends most of the evening making arbitrary portentous decisions, also has



one delightful recess when he merrily and awkwardly outdances his more professional mates for a few seconds.

Designer Jo Mielziner has evolved an ingenious method of changing scenery without stopping the action—by means of a pot-bellied venetian blind gridiron behind which a tight-fitting curtain can be raised and lowered. However, over the course of an already too mechanical evening, this repeated device tends to compound rather than relieve the show's impersonality. Only in one scene does he, too, relax and give us a stunning yellow pavilion that reminds us of the supreme artist's vision he so uniquely possesses.

Finally, there is the much-discussed infusion of the patriotic "This Is a Great Country" at the end of the evening. Of course there is nothing wrong with Mr. Berlin's expressing his sincere affirmative sentiments about a country which even its worst enemies must acknowledge as "great." What makes it painful is that here, as with almost everything else in "Mr. President," the sentiment is only so very nominally evoked.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Modern Temper

MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI regards "**Eclipse**" as the third part of a film trilogy that began with "L'Avventura" and "La Notte." While it follows its noted predecessors in mood, and to an extent in style, the relationship between the three is obviously not one of story or character, but rather one of point of view. For in all three films Antonioni is concerned with a contemporary decline in feeling. He is saying that change in our environment occurs with such rapidity that individuals become confused, not only about their relationship to their environment, but to each other, and what he seems to be trying to show, or reflect, is that a sort of spiritual malaise is the result.

If this much is not understood about Antonioni, it becomes almost inevitable that his films will have little force for the viewer. The action will seem lethargic, the characters vague in their motivations. Antonioni has provided, in his films and in his occasional statements, more than enough clues to apprehend his meanings, yet misunderstanding about him continues to exist. There was argument for instance, about why he chose a nonproductive architect as the chief character of "L'Avventura." But it is Antonioni's implied contention that when people lose a sense of identification with their society they are likely to lose, too, a sense of identification with their work.

In "Eclipse" we find another of his sensitive, puzzled, unhappy women, a rather free-living, free-loving girl of twenty-two. Vittoria dwells in a modern section of Rome, occupies herself as a translator, and faces her life with what would seem to be a kind of inborn negativism. Her story is hardly dramatic. One love affair having grown disquieting, she separates herself from her lover as "intelligently" as possible, and soon wanders into another affair, this time with a young stockbroker. The affair flourishes briefly in the midst of a stock market collapse, a few incidents of no great dramatic consequence occur, and then the camera leaves her, to explore for a time the places and artifacts of her life.

At this point a darkness slowly creeps over Rome, and at the end there is only the baneful glare of a street lamp of extremely modern design on the screen. Eerily symbolic in intent and effect, these final scenes make perfectly clear that Antonioni regards the film image itself as capable of transmitting feeling, in this case the muted, abstracted feeling of an intelligent but nevertheless confused girl. As for the young stockbroker hero, his confusion is of a different kind. He is at home in the midst of the clamorous activity of the bourse in Rome. It is as though he quiets any sense of purposelessness by being part of the rush and the bustle.

But, having given Antonioni his due, I must now admit to some misgivings about "Eclipse." For one, I found the performance of Monica Vitti, as Vittoria, more studied than the work she has done in the past, and even a trifle self-conscious. This same self-consciousness can be attributed to the director, who, it is true, is exceedingly subtle about what he wants to show us, but who, in the very purity of his selectiveness, reveals more of the artist and less of the storyteller. This third time around we are more ready for him, more aware of his gloomy preoccupations, and somehow less affected. Beautiful to watch "Eclipse" certainly is—there is not one photographic cliché to be found in the film—as it reflects the new Rome emerging from the old and creeping toward some indefinable future, but the emotions of the protagonists have become so vitiated that we cannot help but wonder why we are to be so concerned about them.

AN earlier Antonioni film, "**Il Grido**," has found its way here after a five-year delay, caused no doubt by its inexplicable failure when shown in Italy. In "Il Grido" the characters are more full-bodied, particularly that of a young man who, being rejected by his mistress, takes to the road with their young daughter. Unlike latter-day Antonioni "heroes," he is a skilled laborer who, on a trek through the Po Valley area, looks for work, and for love, too, finding always only the substitute. Played by Steve Cochran, who is astonishingly good, the young man meets others as lonely as himself, and at last returns to his home, to find the harshest of changes. His mistress has married and borne another child, his town is about to be demolished to make way for a jet airfield.

The by now familiar Antonioni theme emerges as we see the bewildered man, presumably torn apart by his inability to fit himself into his time, make the final gesture of despair. But Antonioni has remorselessly, at the end, tied the character to his own need for

(*Continued on page* 51)

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NATALIE WOOD
KARL MALDEN
"GYPSY"

Produced and Directed by
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Based on the Memoirs of
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Comments from the Creators

"The Artist's Voice," by Katharine Kuh *(Harper & Row. 248 pp. $7.50), records talks with seventeen contemporary painters and sculptors, and includes illustrations of their works. Dr. Howard Conant, chairman of New York University's Department of Art Education, recently conducted the University's series "Contemporary Artists on Art."*

By HOWARD CONANT

HAD THE author heeded Morris Graves's advice, "Look at what a man does and don't bother with what he says," this series of provocative interviews with artists might not have been published. But persons like Katharine Kuh who understand artists well enough to communicate with them and gain their confidence, both of which necessitate a good understanding of what art itself is all about, know that Graves meant, "Works of art themselves embody all the meaning necessary for their understanding," and, further, "I would nevertheless like to talk about them."

Artists need and want to discuss their work. When engaged in serious conversation with fellow artists or other persons they respect, their verbal expressions become strikingly similar to the style and quality of their painting and sculpture. Their comments often attain a level of illuminating profundity that renders much art criticism esthetically meaningless. Miss Kuh's elicitation of thoughtful responses from a group of important contemporary artists is a cause for rejoicing among artists and enlightened laymen who have been plagued by biased art journalism.

Both in her choice of artists and her manner of conducting interviews, Miss Kuh reveals an obviously sincere and highly commendable determination to contribute to artistic enlightenment rather than argue for or against a particular mode of art expression. Consistently, she shows a remarkable breadth of art knowledge and sensitivity to fundamental esthetic values. She probes deeply and effectively into artists' beliefs, as, for example, in this fruitful exchange with Naum Gabo:

> Question: In what way has constructivism gone beyond cubism?
> Gabo: . . . Cubism was an important experiment but its analytical approach to the world was not constructive.

and with Mark Tobey, where she pressed for greater precision:

> Tobey: Many paintings today seem mere fragments and therefore just promises without fulfillment. . . . If I find no content there's no communication.
> Question: Surely you are not referring to all the leading American abstract painters?
> Tobey: No. All the great ones give their work a presence of its own. I'm only speaking of the general trend.

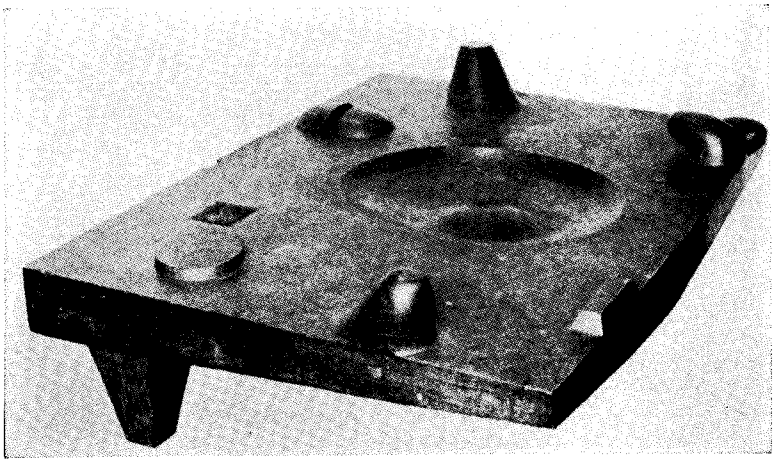
The artists' descriptions of their ways of working are refreshingly clear and direct. Edwin Dickinson, for example,

> . . . wishes his spots, small and large, to be equally successful. A small spot, one by three inches for example, is taxing because of his best aspiring. . . . This taxing is beneficial and strengthening. . . .

Ivan Albright finds that:

> . . . using a model [an unbelievably complex Albrightesque construction which is illustrated] directly makes for a stronger statement, like actually having someone you're in love with rather than just dreaming about someone. . . .

And Alexander Calder confides, "I love



—*Collection Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Maremont.*

"Night Voyage," by Isamu Noguchi, 1947.

"Bather," by Jacques Lipchitz, 1917.

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red so much that I almost want to paint everything red."

Also presented here is evidence that many popular beliefs about the meaning of certain artists' works are inaccurate. Concerning his seemingly mysterious "Fossil Hunters" at the Whitney, for example, Edwin Dickinson declares: "The name of the picture came from the fact that I put in a few fossils and some people lying on rocks." And when asked if his large paintings are symbolic, he simply replied, "I wouldn't be able to say." Albright, whose painstakingly detailed and figurative compositions are widely regarded as popularly communicative, says, "In the purest sense, one must paint for oneself alone." Tobey, on the other hand, seems to ascribe greater significance to his work than even his current retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may justify: ". . . through calligraphic line I was able to catch the restless pulse of our cities today. . . . I began the style called 'white writing' with the painting Broadway—now owned by the Metropolitan Museum. After my return to Seattle in 1939 I gradually got down to expressing myself in this style, and in the forties brought it to its highest peak in a painting called 'New York,' a composition of great luminosity."

Though artists like Ben Shahn are often extolled for the socially constructive value of their work, not many people are aware that this quality is realized more profoundly, but less obviously, in the works of such artists as Albers, Duchamp, Gabo, Kline, and Lipchitz. While neither space nor occasion permit an expansion of this concept, two quotations from "The Artist's Voice" suggest what is meant.

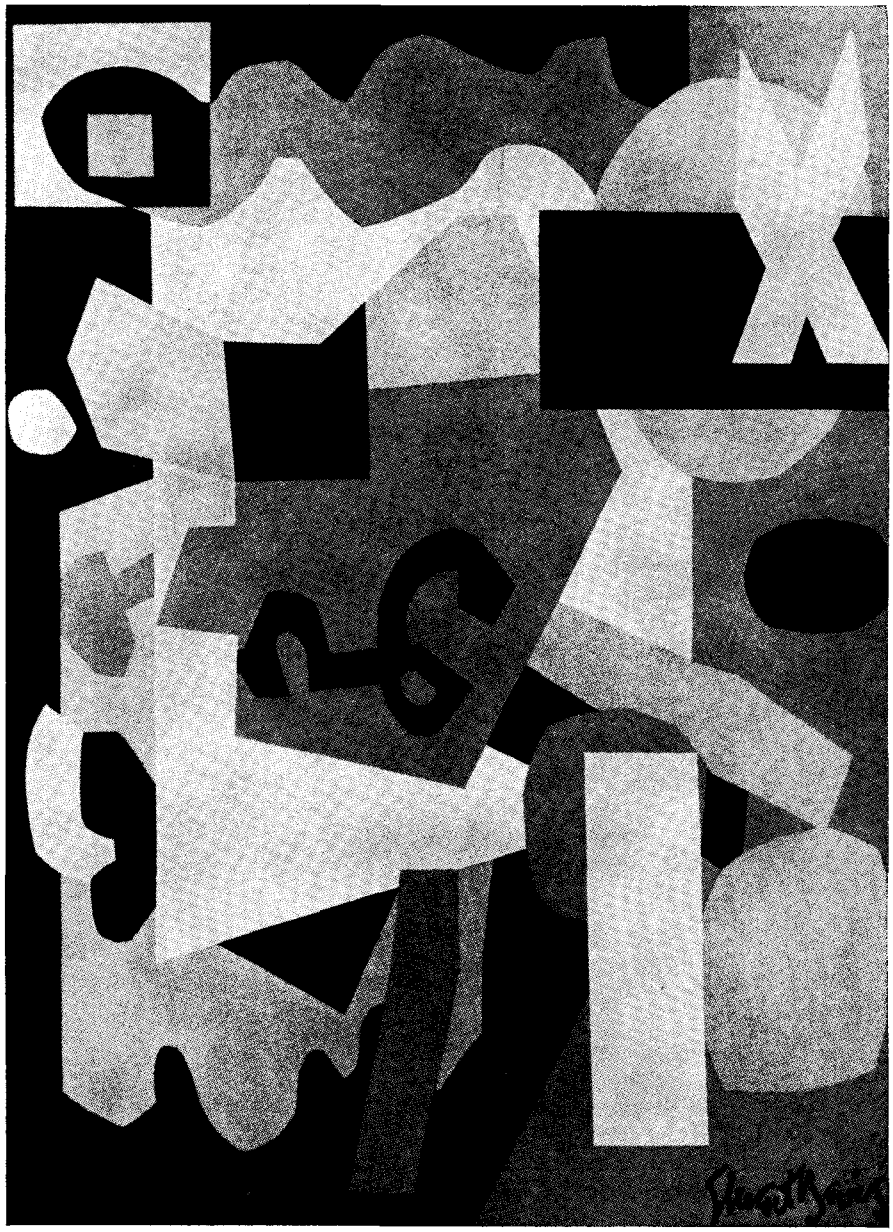
In a statement as succinct as his paintings, Josef Albers says: "I believe criticism of life can be constructive. This, of course, presupposes that the criticism is not merely a fashion, but a conviction." And, in words as masculinely lyrical as his sculpture, Jacques Lipchitz concludes that "the basis of a work of art is one's point of view about life and the universe." He says, further, "I have the impression that during this century . . . we've started to fly with our own wings . . ."

Replying to the question, "Critics say you've been influenced by American folk art. Is this true?" David Smith says, "No, absolutely not. It wasn't American folk art; it was cubism that awoke me. I don't know who the hell says it was American folk art." And in one of the book's most eloquent statements, Isamu Noguchi describes the kind of art he admires:

> . . . the older it is, the more archaic and primitive, the better I like it. . . . perhaps it's simply because the repeated distillation of art brings you back to the primordial: the monoliths, the cave paintings, the scratchings, the shorthand by which the earliest people tried to indicate their sense of significance, and even further back until you get to the fundamental material itself.

Miss Kuh did not intend "The Artist's Voice" as a picture book, but its 117 text-related illustrations (three in color) beautifully amplify the artists' comments. Though the Klines, O'Keeffes, and Tobeys are not too sharply focused, most of the reproductions are clear and large. A few, such as Noguchi's "Ikiru," Albers's "Pairs of Constellations," and Stuart Davis's "Ready to Wear," are absolutely first-rate. Photographs of the artists themselves (and the comments of two or three younger painters and sculptors) would have further enriched this valuable book.

In her introduction, Miss Kuh says: "If the words of these painters and sculptors have unveiled even a few of art's baffling secrets, then this book will have served its purpose." Her aim has been notably achieved. She and the artists interviewed have not only contributed much to a better understanding of the visual arts, but have in addition effectively counteracted some of the misleading notions being disseminated in the popular press. But, helpful as this book may be, the most fundamental esthetic bases of the arts will probably remain less than fully known by all but those gifted persons who devote themselves to its creation and understanding with years of diligent application.



—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

"Ready to Wear," by Stuart Davis, 1955.

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Pen, Brush, Paper, and Genius

"Great Drawings of All Time," edited by Ira Moskowitz *(Shorewood Publishers. Four volumes; 2,150 pp. $160 to January 1963, $175 thereafter), is the first pictorial encyclopedia of worldwide scope. A. Hyatt Mayor is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

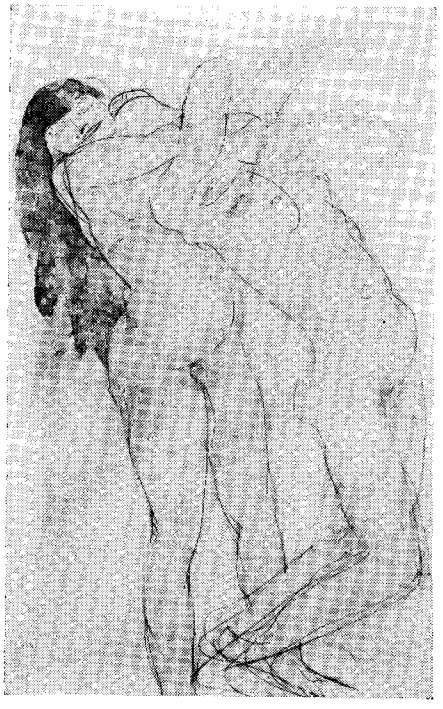
By A. HYATT MAYOR

HERE is the most sumptuous publication of drawings ever issued outside Europe. The 1,107 life-size color plates reproduce drawings made in Europe, the Americas, the Near and Far East; drawings that everybody knows and drawings published here for the first time; drawings on show in public collections in London, Florence, Paris, Berlin, and Leningrad, and drawings discovered in private collections throughout the world. In the past there have been publications of drawings from a particular collection or an individual school, but these four volumes gather the drawings of the world into the first pictorial encyclopedia.

The reproductions are not only in full size but, as far as was practicable, in full color. When such hundreds of handsome plates cost about sixteen cents apiece, it is certain that many copies of the book will be torn apart for framing. This will be a desecration, but, after all, it will spread the rapidly growing taste for drawings where it might not otherwise penetrate. While none of the plates could be sold to sharp-sighted people for originals, as has been done with some of the facsimiles issued by the Marées Society, these Shorewood Press plates maintain a good general level of color and quality.

The four folios impress by more than their mere weight and bulk, for seventeen excellent scholars have written essays on the various schools as well as a note for each individual plate. The essays survey the large divisions with clarity and perspective, and many of the notes on individual drawings delight one with their acuteness. I was particularly refreshed by Winslow Ames's witty provocations to looking. Yet for all the excellent writing, the publication is basically what an art publication should be—a picture book with explanations that help one to see.

The earliest works are two paintings from the wall of an Egyptian tomb. The series then oddly skips the Greek vase painters, although they are the first draftsmen with names and personalities. The continuous coverage starts with medieval outline drawings in pen, and continues through six or seven centuries into the present. Italy and France get a volume apiece, while the remaining two volumes cover Germany, the Low Countries, Spain, England, the Orient, and the Americas. Such a global survey may be possible only on this continent, where we play no national favorites and look in two directions across two oceans, seeing Japan and China larger than they do in Europe. The immense range of outlook invites the eye to adventure through the tumult of the centuries and to see trees and people through almost shocking contrasts of national temperaments. As the drawings of any particular country impress one with a sort of national fate, a doom of mood, one is equally impressed by the varied ingenuity with which an individual manages to ring his own personal changes on his inherited theme. We glibly say that Chinese painting is traditional—and indeed its traditional ink, brush, and paper stimulate with unvarying limitations—but the Chinese do not cling to a mood one bit more tenaciously than the German draftsmen, who strike the same frantic tension from the late Middle Ages until the expressionists.



"Two Female Nudes," by Auguste Rodin.

The earlier drawings, for all their marvelous profusion, are only a fractional remnant that has survived wars and spring cleanings. Indeed, drawings and prints have had more to fear from the housewife than from the soldier, from being used to wrap fish than from being bombed. No one seems to have bothered to collect them until Vasari in Italy in about 1550, and they did not begin to command high prices until after 1700. The taste for drawings is the latest one to develop, for they do not jump out at you, as paintings sometimes do. You have to hunt their meaning in silence and concentration, taking care not to impose your preconceptions. They attract with no material richness, no cinerama size, and usually with no color. They are often an artist's private jottings, made to help him feel his way toward an ultimate public work. One cannot say that he is talking to himself; but he is seeing for himself without calculating how he might make himself clear to you and me. The effort that you must put into seeing a drawing is the same effort that you must put into reading character in handwriting. You struggle to relax and concentrate on drifting.

The reward is the most personal fusion with an artist's state of mind, for great drawings are almost spiritual flashes struck out by energy in command of line. They are therefore the last works of art that one becomes able to see, and they require the most sophistication to collect. The taste for them is the latest to come to the United States, but it now grows daily as more and more drawings appear in shops and exhibitions. Interest has built up to a point where a *Drawings Annual* is to begin publication early in 1963.

Drawings are such a personal taste that one finds oneself constantly disagreeing with other people's attributions and selections. As we thumb through the glorious riches in these volumes, each one will ask himself why this is here, why that is not. But what of it? The four folios so overflow with masterpieces that each one of us will make up his own ample anthology as he goes along. But let me warn you—do not open these volumes if you have an appointment in the next hour, for you will never make it.

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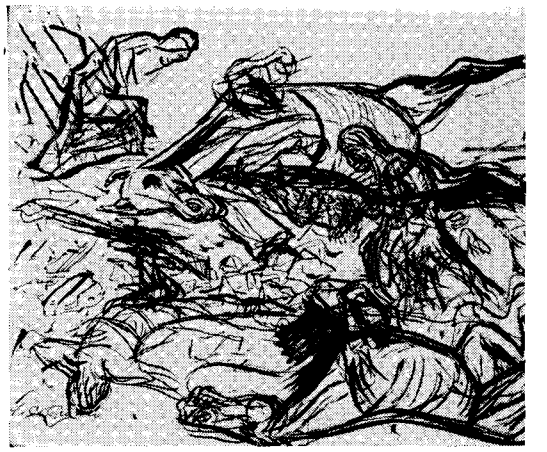
"Mother and Child and Four Studies for a Right Hand," by Pablo Picasso.

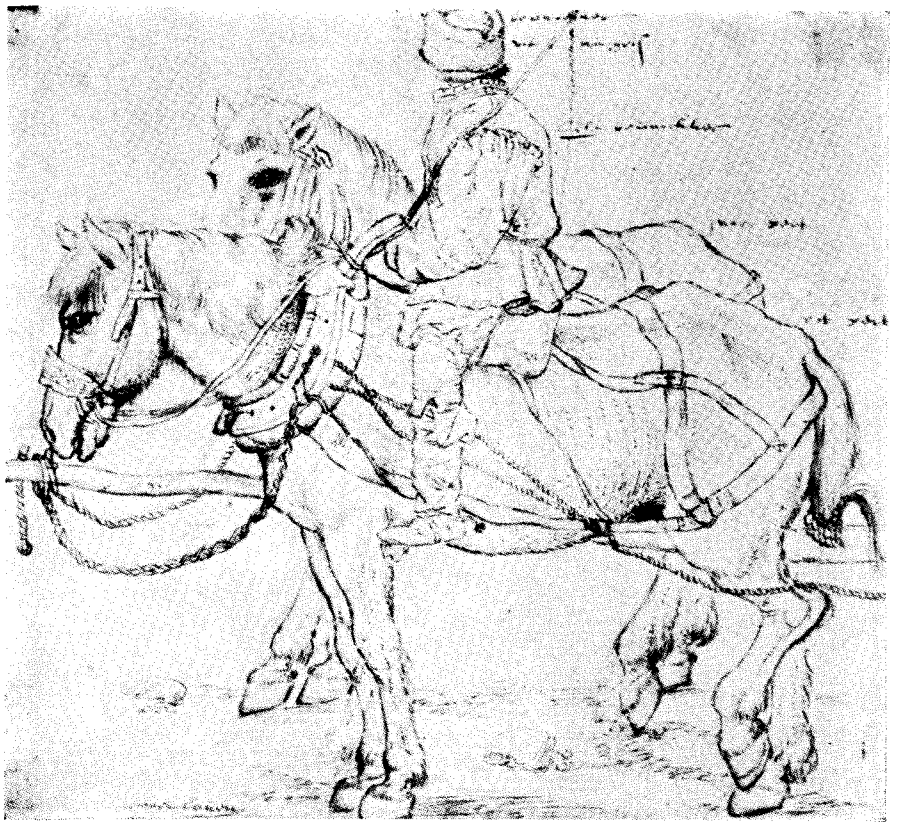
"Sin Camisa son felices," by Goya.



"After the Battle," by J. C. Orozco.

"Head of Leda," by Leonardo da Vinci.

The reproductions accompanying this review are taken from the four volumes of "Great Drawings of All Times." This monumental work is being issued in a single edition of 3,000 sets for American subscribers. It includes works by 442 artists, drawn from 174 of the most important public and private collections throughout the world.



"Rider and Two Horses," by Peter Brueghel the Elder.

"The Fugitives," by Honore Daumier.

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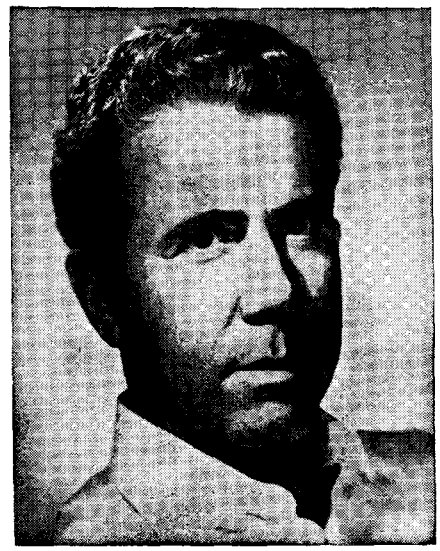
FICTION

An Ancient Melancholy

"Under the Circumstances," by Kimon Lolos *(Harper & Row. 275 pp. $4.95), depicts the little closed world of a Greek village. Andonis Decavalles is professor of comparative literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University and co-editor of the quarterly The Charioteer.*

By ANDONIS DECAVALLES



Lolos—"sophisticated yet warm . . ."

LESS than two years ago Kimon Lolos surprised us with his first book, "Respite," a novel that deserved high praise for a mature and distinguished achievement. His second novel, "Under the Circumstances," marks a considerable advance, in all respects, over the virtues of the first.

Instead of a war story, he gives us this time a picture of life in a Greek village. It is obvious that without an intimate and perceptive knowledge of his world Mr. Lolos could not have achieved the fidelity, concreteness, and specific character that we enjoy in his reproduction. Rather than a fictional abstraction, his is an individual village, the manner and temperament of which locate it somewhere in the north of Greece. The sea does not appear; it is not even mentioned. The turn of mind of the people, especially the elders, still bears a vague shadow: it is the avowed trace of the Turk, the memory of fear of the rude master and its sad effects. There is insecurity, double-dealing, self-deceit; there is a need to maintain an outdated, prejudiced, narrow-minded *status quo* that thrives under the auspices, or the pretext, of "the good old mores of our forefathers." At the same time, the past is often blamed for present misery.

Physical and temperamental identity of place is certainly one of the foremost merits of this book. The author knows well the effectiveness of giving us the "thing" (in Pound's imagistic terminology), of giving us the tangible detail, of individualizing, through his minute perception, nature and its phenomena and whims, the houses, streets, shops, and, to an even greater degree, the people and their psychology and action "under the circumstances." His pulsating brush-strokes have a remarkable sureness.

Born and educated in Greece, Lolos astonishes us with his mastery of the American idiom, the richness of his vocabulary, and his unfailing use of *"le mot juste."* Moreover, his familiarity with colloquial modern Greek contributes something valuable to his prose and enriches his English. In his dialogue he often reproduces the Greek expression, the turn of speech, the joke, without committing a barbarism or solecism.

Village and small-town life in general has been the main theme and source of inspiration in modern Greek fiction until very recently. It gave birth to an often idealized picture of the life of simple people, farmers and sailors, in little communities. At a later stage, of which Papadiamandis and Karkavitsas are the foremost representatives, psychology and realism were introduced, giving us a deeper and franker picture of that same world in its beauty and its ugliness, its material poverty and its spiritual richness.

One is inclined to regard Lolos as a worthy successor in this literary tradition, which, however, he modernizes with elements supplied by his familiarity with American prose. We find in his writing a certain distance from his subject, a variety of technique, a sophisticated yet warm brilliance, a constant undercurrent of humor that protects him from melodrama and keeps emotion under control. He knows how to begin, how to build up his situations, and where to stop. He knows how to change mood and scene and how to contrast situations and characters. His plot is almost in the background; the village itself is his real hero.

The major and quite intricate issue, wherein everybody and everything is necessarily involved, is that of established morality, which divides people into conservatives and liberals, royalists and democrats, purists and nonpurists in language, adherents or opponents of a park project, or of the young boys' swimming naked in the river. The older and established people are, of course, on the conservative side that safeguards and promotes their interests. The younger people and the unfortunate ones are, naturally, the liberals, the challengers; in the end they are not the victors.

Love breathes under the same social contract. There is the taboo of virginity; there are daughters to be married and a search to be made for worthy husbands; and there is a Red Villa, *i.e.*, the whorehouse, as an outlet for passion, a means of variety, and a resort in disappointment. Almost everybody goes there occasionally, either openly or furtively, for more love and affection and understanding than is obtainable elsewhere.

Domna, the daughter of the respectable bookseller, is forced to reject her lover, Pellos, the poor clerk in the Monopoly, and she marries Leon, the refined young opportunist from out of town. Pellos resorts to Ariadne, the humble and kindly modiste. Chrysanthemos, the "artist," bothers all his neighbors with his amateur violin-playing until a young wife, disappointed with the husband she managed to capture, in a fit of hysteria steals and throws the violin into the gutter. Aloupis, the middle-aged, good-humored, gentlemanly, and somewhat Falstaffian bachelor, was born to be rich but is penniless; he is indifferent to ideologies as long as he gets paid, and unsuccessfully courts all the ladies in town. These are a few of the many memorable characters in the story.

Despite the unfailing humor, one cannot but recognize the touch of a gentle sadness throughout the book. Humor itself is a version of sadness. Lolos does not sentimentalize about reality, nor does he try to beautify it. His is the old and traditional sadness that we find in the Greek folksongs and Greek literature in general. It is the melancholy of one of those little closed worlds that live under the rule of necessity, under the often enigmatic inheritance of the past, and undergo the age-old experience of suffering.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 7, 8, 2, 1, 4, 3, 6

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Appointment at Casa Ximinez

"Genius", by Patrick Dennis *(Harcourt Brace & World. 308 pp. $4.50), tells the story of a Hollywood director who seeks to escape his problems in Mexico. Mr. Alpert is one of* SR*'s movie critics.*

By HOLLIS ALPERT

LEANDER STARR, the titular character of "Genius," is a figure of mock-heroic proportions. He is neither Orson Welles nor Erich von Stroheim, John Huston nor Otto Preminger, Jed Harris nor Peter Ustinov, but seems somehow a towering combination of none of these. Yet one suspects that he has sprung something less than full-blown from the imagination of the author, Patrick Dennis, who is, of course, someone else. Are the seeds of his being perhaps to be found in some ancient burlesque of the movie director, as in those plays about Hollywood that periodically reach the stage, or in the masochistic movies made from those plays? Or is it true that he was first conceived as a character for a television series, to be written by no one less than the above-mentioned Patrick Dennis, who pays his bills and formidable taxes under another name?

Whatever the truth of the matter, Leander Starr exists in the pages of "Genius." He has come to the Mexico City hacienda known as Casa Ximinez to breed and hatch a stark Mexican epic of a movie, and there he encounters an old enemy, the fictional counterpart of the nom de plume under which the book has been written—Patrick Dennis, in other words. He encounters, in fact, a good many of those he has good reason not to want to encounter, such as Catalina Ximinez, former wife, former star of exactly one Leander Starr movie, now fat, rich, and owner of Casa Ximinez; Mrs. Pomeroy, a horrid, vulgar, rich woman who would like to marry the noted but impoverished genius; Mr. Guber, emissary of the United States Internal Revenue Service, to which Leander Starr owes a bundle; a debutante daughter of one of his former wives; another former wife. There is only one thing Starr can do with these people, and that is to keep them ungainfully employed, but out of harm's way, on his stark Mexican epic.

How he manages this is set down in peppery, diverting prose by Mr. Dennis, who is taking his rightful place as our most successful and perhaps our best light novelist. In "Genius" he verges towards the satirical, not in subject matter, for Leander Starr might best be defined as a gorgeous caricature, but in his details. He pillories, for instance, the so-called International Society of Mexico City, the writing of fiction for large circulation magazines, Republicans, lady hostesses who wear modern-abstract Mexican jewelry creations, the life and pretensions of a best-selling author who writes under a pseudonym.

It is plain that no one is safe from Mr. Dennis, who hides himself from the too inquiring gaze of the world not only under that name but under an immaculately scraggly beard. From this position of safety he pours out his sometimes broad, sometimes pointed barbs of humor, generally in a spirit of benevolent malice. "Genius" is full of such barbs, which help to rescue the novel when it strains too hard for its comic effects.

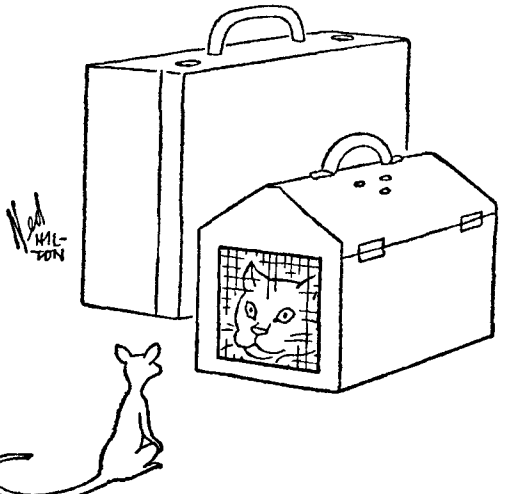
O TO BE A WEREWOLF: The most interesting works of fantasy constantly suggest the reality they try to escape. In fact, they pass judgment, though not didactically, on that reality. In Shirley Jackson's new fantasy-fable **"We Have Always Lived in the Castle"** (Viking, $3.95) the heroine, for example, buries money and nails things to trees in various places around the house in order to ward off evil spirits.

Her cousin Charles, a worldly character, is understandably outraged, for he has visions of possessing the money. But since the point of view is characteristically that of the fantastic heroine of the book, we come to share her view of Charles as a spook, an evil ghost. The people in the real world are coarse, rude, silly, insensitive. The creatures in the Blackwood "castle" are aerial, quick-witted, and spirited. Constance Blackwood does the cooking exquisitely, serving her eccentric and sensitive Uncle Julian "only the lightest and daintiest food." Merricat, Constance's sister and the narrator of the fantasy, "neatens" the house and provides magical safeguards against the outside world.

But the Blackwoods are not all fairy and sprite. Constance is a suspected food poisoner: the Blackwood family, with the exception of Constance, Merricat, and Julian, had been wiped out by a single meal. Merricat tells us at the outset that with any luck at all she might have been born a werewolf. At the end of the story Constance and Merricat have an exchange that epitomizes for me the main quality of the book. Merricat says, "I wonder if I *could* eat a child if I had a chance." And Constance replies, "I doubt if I could cook one."

The charm and comedy are stronger than the horror. One might say that Miss Jackson has caught the comedy of the demonic, has spoofed the fantastic world as well as the real one. Our affections, however, are with the fairy-devils, for the occasional forays of real people into their world leave us with a rather low impression of them. They are often tactless and incompetent or greedy and animal in their appetites.

Miss Jackson is fine in presenting the details of the household and making transparent in the innocent narration of Merricat the variety of fantasy, reality, horror, and comedy that she means to convey. —EUGENE GOODHEART.



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Streets Broad and Narrow

"Brendan Behan's Island: An Irish Sketch-book," by Brendan Behan *(Bernard Geis Associates. 192 pp. $5.95), contains a variety of reminiscent material about the author's native land. Michael Campbell wrote of Irishmen in England in his novel, "Oh, Mary, This London."*

By MICHAEL CAMPBELL

IF THIS book were by a writer of no repute, one would describe it briefly as a patchwork of funny stories, patriotic ballads, potted history, and guidebook information, very little of it being either new to students of Ireland or presented with literary art, and the whole of it being decked out with an enormous quantity of sketch-book drawings by Paul Hogarth. There are almost eighty, and no fewer than sixty of them take up a full page and are exhibited on special yellow paper. They do evoke Ireland, but any drawings of toothless faces in Irish pubs and of Irish shopfronts with "O'Brien" and "McGrath" on them will do this; and I can see no especial originality in these rather spidery sketches.

But, since this book is by Brendan Behan, a writer of international repute, it seems to demand a more thorough review, in spite of its modest subtitle.

It largely consists of Four Parts, concerning Dublin, the South, the West, and the North.

The funny stories are good ones, provided you are open to the charm of Irish hypocrisy, intoxication, and ignorance. I am, but only just.

The patriotic ballads are usually printed in full, and you have to be very much of a mind that is charmed by "O Ireland, mother Ireland, you love them still the best."

The history mainly concerns the Troubles, the murder of Michael Collins, the signing of the Treaty—surely terribly familiar stuff. ("It all resulted in the division of Ireland in 1920, under the leadership of a Dublin Unionist named Carson and a Northerner named Craig, later Lord Craigavon".)

The guidebook information one can hardly believe comes from the pen of Mr. Behan at all. This, for instance:

Brendan Behan—"a writer, not a talker."

> Most of the Guinnesses live around Castleknock which is just on the far side of the Phoenix Park. This is one of the largest national parks in Europe. If you could imagine all the parks in Central London—from Kensington Gardens up to Hampstead Heath—put together, you'd have some idea of its size. It is less than two miles from the centre of the city and is very popular both in winter and summer.

Interspersed among these Four Parts, which are really talking parts, are interval entertainments. These are taken chiefly from Mr. Behan's past writings, and they are superior, because Mr. Behan is a writer, not a talker. In speech, he is the man for the sharp rejoinder or the quick comment. He does recount some of his rejoinders, but he is modest and cannot go on telling you repeatedly how he did somebody else in the eye. As for the quick comment, it is exemplified by the typical and perfect caption to Mr. Hogarth's portrait of Mr. Behan as a Sad Thinker, which serves as frontispiece: "Brendan Behan after the lobster."

To return to the intervals: they consist of two short stories, which are childhood memories; an early play, "The Big House," which is not his best; two poems, and an Epilogue on the reactionary nature of the Church in Ireland.

The second story, "The Confirmation Suit," is a little work of art. It is presented as a true story, but Mr. Behan is obviously writing here instead of talking. The suit is a terrible one made for Brendan by Miss McCann, the shroud-maker, with almost no lapels and buttons "the size of saucers," and the climax is a tell-tale move by Brendan's mother who reports to Miss McCann that Brendan is only pretending to wear this suit on weekends. She weeps. Later she dies, and young Brendan follows her coffin in the pouring rain, in the suit. "People said I would get my end, but I went on till we reached the graveside, and I stood in my Confirmation suit drenched to the skin. I thought this was the least I could do."

A final confession: many paragraphs in this book are devoted to attacking the "Anglo-Irish Horse-Protestants." I am one of these, if you take away the horse, and am therefore open to the accusation of exhibiting the prejudice and spite which have always been a feature of Irish literary life. But it does seem to me that "The Confirmation Suit" is art, and that the ballads, the Treaties, and the dimensions of the Phoenix Park and its all-the-year-round popularity are a waste of Mr. Behan's time and uncommon talent. And I don't care whether he calls it a "Sketch-book" or not. He also calls it *his* island—which is a bit hard on the horses.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1005

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1005 will be found in the next issue.

WO GCR'PQ LXHLGT XCF-

AWFA OCP VZQ ACCM

CXM MLGT, KRTV VPG

PQLMWFA VZQTQ WVQNT

DG LF CWX XLNY.

HWTSCFTWF FQHT.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1004

Moderation is a fatal thing; nothing succeeds like excess.

—OSCAR WILDE.

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Lady with a Hatchet

"Cyclone Carry: The Story of Carry Nation," by Carleton Beals *(Chilton. 364 pp. $6), probes the background and psychology of the hatchet-wielding enemy of saloons. Alma Lutz has written biographies of several famous American women, the latest being "Susan B. Anthony, Rebel, Crusader, Humanitarian."*

By ALMA LUTZ

CARLETON BEALS has brought Carry Nation to life for us, and we follow her violent protest against the saloon with interest and often with astonishment. Although he has little sympathy with the hatchet crusade that prepared the way for the Prohibition Amendment, creating greater evils than those it was designed to cure, he respects Carry Nation, her good works, her kindness to the poor and unfortunate, her persistence in what she believed to be right, and her indomitable courage. Having spent his boyhood in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where she started her crusade, he writes with first-hand knowledge of her times and environment. Only one other biography of Carry Nation has been published, that by Herbert Asbury in 1929, besides her own autobiography, "Use and Need of the Life of Carry Nation," which appeared in 1907.

Carry Nation was born on a plantation in Kentucky in 1846. Her mother, mentally unstable, imagined she was Queen Victoria, and took little interest in her daughter, insisting that she live with the slaves in their cabins. Carry loved her Negro playmates and their kind, affectionate mothers, and joined in their emotional religious devotions. But soon the family began moving from place to place, and Carry's schooling and friendships were disrupted and her health was poor. When she was ten she underwent a spectacular conversion at a revival meeting. At that time she was living in Missouri, near the Kansas border and John Brown's raids. John Brown fired her imagination, and later she often called herself the John Brown of Prohibition.

When the Civil War ended, her family was living in Belton, Missouri. Here she fell ardently in love with Dr. Charles Gloyd, who soon proved to be an alcoholic. Just before her child was born she was persuaded by her parents to leave him, and six months later he died. Carry never forgave herself. To make amends, she lived with his mother, supporting her and her own daughter by teaching school. Some years later she married David Nation, nineteen years her senior, a widower with a four-year-old daughter, an ordained minister, a lawyer, and at that time an editor. During most of their married life the support of the family fell upon Carry while her husband moved from job to job, finally settling in Medicine Lodge in 1889. By this time Carry, after a period of religious doubt, had a second conversion that convinced her God had chosen her for his work and that everything she did had his direction and sanction.

Her first task was the eradication of illegal saloons in Medicine Lodge. Kansas had been a Prohibition State since 1880, but the law was not enforced and saloons flourished. Starting out mildly, Carry prayed in front of them. Other women joined her, and eventually they drove saloons out of the town. In 1892 she formed a chapter of the W.C.T.U., but the W.C.T.U. as an organization never endorsed her militant campaigns.

Moving on to Kiowa, Kansas, she smashed saloons with rocks, iron rods, and anything else at hand. Again a few other women joined her. In Wichita, Topeka, and other Kansas towns she continued her smashing and was arrested, but she was not convicted because officials were unwilling to acknowledge that they allowed illegal saloons to operate. In Topeka she formed the Hatchet Brigade, and was never again without her hatchet. The selling of souvenir hatchets financed the rent of halls and paid her fines.

Soon she was in demand from New York to California for lectures and appearances in theatres and amusement parks. She was called to Canada, toured England and Scotland in 1908, then retired to a farm in the Ozarks, where she died in 1911.

Her militant tactics focused attention on the evil influence of the saloon and the crime and corruption bred there. But, although confronted again and again with the non-enforcement of prohibition laws, she failed to realize that education rather than law would advance the cause of temperance.

POLITICAL PLOT OR SAD NECESSITY?

"Why have you done this to me, Robert?" wailed Mary Lincoln as her oldest son put her on trial for insanity. Since the taciturn Robert Todd Lincoln never publicly disclosed his motives but instead did his best to suppress the official record of his mother's appearance before the Chicago court in 1875, there has been a good deal of speculation about the proceedings that committed Abraham Lincoln's widow to a mental institution. In 1959, for example, a fictional account told of a plot to railroad Mrs. Lincoln to the asylum in order to forward her son's political aspirations.

In fact, of course, there need never have been any great mystery about the affair. Chicago newspapers carried accounts of the trial which were so detailed that Dr. William A. Evans in 1932 was able to construct from them a careful medical analysis of Mrs. Lincoln's case. The most recent researcher in this field, Homer Croy, has been able to add but little to our factual knowledge of the sanity hearings. But if **"The Trial of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95) contains no sensational surprises, it is a balanced and sympathetic account of the reasons why Robert felt reluctantly obliged to have his mother committed. Seriously troubled by Mary's obsessive fears and by her financial irresponsibility, Robert sought the advice of friends and physicians, many of whom had known his father. That he accepted their counsel to have Mary put under guardianship shows that he was not a perceptive man, nor a generous one; but, as Mr. Croy concludes, "Robert had acted for the best, as he saw it."

Though Mr. Croy's book is intelligent and generally accurate, its usefulness is considerably marred by his decision to fill in the inevitable lacunae in the story of Mary Lincoln's trial by inventing "dialogue for which there is no historical support." A great deal of his book is, therefore, fictional, and one's faith in its authenticity is not increased by his having Mrs. Lincoln on the witness stand come to a realization that "deep down in [her] subconscious" she "had a feeling of insecurity." For a historically reliable and equally perceptive account of this tragic affair, readers will continue to prefer Ruth Painter Randall's definitive "Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage."

—DAVID DONALD.

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Vance Packard

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Africa

Continued from page 27

Cailliaud, employed by Muhammad Ali as a geologist, and making adventurous journeys to nearly all the great Egyptian oases, even forcing his way into the temple of Abu Simbel through a tunnel in the sand. At Gournah he camped in a painted tomb "and in the middle of the night he lit a lamp and began to study the paintings on the walls. There were scenes of a Pharaoh and his wife and daughter fishing in the Nile; the sky was a brilliant blue, and the banks of the river were covered with flowers." (Not a Pharaoh, Mr. Moorehead—or M. Cailliaud?—such scenes were depicted only on the walls of nobles' tombs.)

Today that painting is one of the standard Luxor showpieces that every tourist sees. The attraction of these nineteenth-century writers lies in the fact that they saw them for the first time. They also lived among peoples who still practiced customs that had been common in prehistoric Europe, and of which echoes remain in the Greek myths. The Sacred King, for instance, who was "destined to be destroyed in a single combat with an enemy who in his turn would rule. . . . Such kings actually existed here on the White Nile, close to the junction with the Blue. And there were other tribes who, like the ancient Egyptians before them, worshipped the sun and the moon and made sacrifices to the baobab tree."

Although he sometimes claims to be bored by the monuments of ancient Egypt and Nubia, it is clear that the author has been spellbound by the country he knows so well. Whether Mr. Moorehead is taking the reader over familiar territory or leading him into the hinterland of Ethiopia and the source of the Blue Nile, he transmits that spell, and yet somehow manages to remain critical, detached, and observant. This is a remarkable achievement.

Editorial

Continued from page 28

ing? By telling him what the public thinks and feels, it can tell him what issues need to be discussed. If he uses this information as a pretext for taking popular stands, he is misusing the polls and abdicating his political responsibilities. But if he uses the polls to gain a real understanding of the public, and if, after learning what the people think and why they think it, he sets out to clarify his position, to educate the public and persuade them of his views, he is assuming the responsibilities of leadership and putting the polls to their best uses.

From the standpoint of national usefulness, probably the best single thing polls can do is to help explore the areas of ignorance among the population. The public has a rough way of more often than not coming up with the right answers in the political arena, but as the results are inspected more closely, it becomes obvious that in many cases it's the product of many individual errors cancelling out. There are many, many people in the United States who vote for candidates with whose stand on almost every issue they disagree, sometimes out of blind allegiance to the political party of their fathers and sometimes, as the polls have shown, because they haven't the vaguest notion of where the candidate does stand. There have been many drives to "get out the vote," and people are exhorted on every occasion to get out and exercise their franchise or lose the name of good citizens. But after having looked over thousands of answers to thousands of questions, I have concluded that the nation is lucky that at least *some* nonvoters do sit out elections; they simply haven't the means to make an intelligent choice.

Surveys can in time ferret out the areas of ignorance and misinformation and so help educators to correct them. A rich mine of survey material is available for this purpose at Williams College, where there is deposited the data of nearly 2,000 surveys, forming the largest collection of opinion data existing anywhere in the world. Nearly 1,600 scholars have used the facilities of this center since its establishment five years ago, and a number of enlightening volumes have resulted from their undertakings.

But the surface has only been scratched; we have only begun to understand that combination of fantasy, fallacy, habit, and good horse sense that, mixed with a measure of the facts, makes up the political thinking of most Americans. The polls, wisely used, can help toward that understanding.

—ELMO ROPER.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 29

have died. I can vividly recall one such accident that caused the death of a friend in 1954 in Panama City, Florida. He remained to guide the aircraft away from a school full of children, giving his life so that others could live.

It is an easy matter to load an article in any direction the writer desires. Mr. Ciardi has succeeded admirably. He failed to mention that the pilot who parachuted to safety had no control over his aircraft and that to have remained with the aircraft would have resulted in three deaths, the elderly couple plus the pilot. This would not have made much sense since we have expended a great deal of time and money in training this pilot for the job of giving his life for his country and the people of this country, including Mr. Ciardi if necessary.

Certainly we like our job, and "riding a hot horse" is part of the job. If pay were the only reason we remained, I doubt seriously that Commander Shirra would have made his now famous flight for the $36 salary he received for the day. I also firmly believe that under the same circumstances, he would have parachuted to safety rather than foolishly given his life in a situation he couldn't control.

Our military pilots today are the finest in the world, individually and collectively. The normal duty hours range from fifty to ninety hours a week. Their off-duty hours are spent in continuous study to keep abreast of day-to-day technological changes. Their missions are flown in every kind of weather and at all hours of the day and night to maintain a peak proficiency.

For any person to criticize a single military pilot without knowledgeable evidence is unjust.

IVAN J. ELY, JR.,
Major, USAF.

Craig AFB, Ala.

JOHN CIARDI's column disturbs me a great deal. I do not think that any one of us has a right to demand that another human being deliberately destroy himself, and most especially for the reason given—high wages. Surely the days of buying a man's life blood with his salary are gone.

A man's body nourishes and supports his brain; surely it is entitled to all the protection that brain can give him. Admittedly Francis Gary Powers received "risk wages," and he took the risk of being shot down and killed, but as long as he had a choice he could not be expected to do anything but save himself. For many other reasons I think it unfair to criticize Powers and the jet pilots—the chief one being that I do not know what I would do under similar circumstances. Neither, of course, does John Ciardi.

MRS. E. C. BOSACKER.

Albert Lea, Minn.

He Rode His Hot Horse

JOHN CIARDI's indictment of irresponsible "boy" pilots is justified but one-sided. Perhaps "hot horses" running wild into elderly couples' homes make better newspaper copy, but there are other cowboys in the sky with a firmer grip on the moral reins. I would like to share with readers a paragraph from a letter written this summer by my brother, Lieutenant Frank K. Ellis, USN, describing his own experience with a "disabled buzzer," as proof that not all pilots are funking:

> "On 11 July, I was ferrying an F9F Cougar jet from Norfolk, Virginia, to NAS Pt. Mugu Missile Range, California. The entire trip was quite normal until landing at Pt. Mugu. After making the break, lowering landing gear and flaps, and calling the tower abeam the runway, I noted a slight nose-down tendency which I could easily overcome with a little back pressure on the control stick. When I was about 45 degrees from the runway heading at about 300 feet, the nose of the aircraft went full nose-down no matter how much back pressure I applied. I wanted to eject right then but couldn't, since I was over a housing area. The minute I felt the plane would miss all houses and trailers, I ejected through the canopy at an estimated altitude of seventy-five feet above the ground (much too low). My last sensation after ejection was that of a large fireball. Due to the very low altitude of ejection, I quite likely sailed right through the exploding aircraft, which would account for my injuries. My hands were cut only slightly, three ribs fractured, back broken, left leg broken in about three places, and right foot blown off. It may sound bad to you, but due to the altitude and type of ejection seat, it's only by the grace of God that I'm even alive today."

Since this letter was written, doctors at Balboa Naval Hospital have had to amputate the left leg, which failed to respond to treatments.

Lieutenant Ellis may be no Lawrence of Arabia, but he is courageous, high-principled, and most certainly a man. Mr. Ciardi has done him and others like him a great injustice by taking no cognizance of those pilots who do understand the moral obligation of their dangerous occupation.

JAMES D. ELLIS.

South Hadley, Mass.

Movies

Continued from page 41

statement, and a less drastic ending might have been more believable. The style, by the way, is closer to conventional neo-realism, in that the people are shown with more warmth and, sometimes, humor. And "Il Grido" does make clear that in 1957 Antonioni was already the most sensitive of Italian directors.

The **"Phaedra"** of Jules Dassin is a smoothly modern reworking of the myth that eventually became the Racine play that is regarded as the very model of the classic drama, and it has its clever aspects and even some relationship to our own time. That is, there is a rather easily identifiable ship-owning family that has become the most powerful in Greece. Its head is a noble figure of a man who owns large houses and yachts, and has a magnificently beautiful wife, and, unfortunately, a neurotic son by an earlier wife. These three become involved in one of those "sick" relationships that, for some reason, are so often attributed to the Greeks. The wife, in other words, falls in love with her husband's son.

Racine saw fit to keep this passion from ever reaching the bed, but not so in Dassin's "Phaedra," for Phaedra, sick with love for her callow son-by-marriage, takes him to couch in her husband's Paris apartment, at the same time as her husband is attempting to reach her by transatlantic telephone. A messy situation, obviously, that can only lead to tragedy, and you may be sure that it does. Done in the proper tone, with the proper players, "Phaedra" might have been able to generate some emotion from its audience, but it seemed to me that some very evident miscasting is at least partly responsible for the failure of the film to do so.

I might as well come right out and say what I'm saying: that Tony Perkins as the son is no match at all for the forceful, striking Melina Mercouri, who, on the other hand, seems exactly suited to the forceful, striking figure of a man played by Raf Vallone. It seems simply incredible that the mature sophisticated woman would find herelf in a physical involvement with one so nervous and callow (as Mr. Perkins is made to appear in this film.) And while Mr. Dassin has mounted and photographed his tragedy with great polish, it for the most part strikes one as synthetic, particularly when a ship named S.S. *Phaedra* goes down with the loss of all hands, a happening meant to be overwhelmingly symbolic.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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How Much Can the Movies Say?

(*Continued from page* 20)

others previously mentioned, are questionable, but the need and the right of any medium of communication to be free from repression by bureaucrats and crackpots is not. It is unfortunate that the adventures and perils of mankind in the new space age into which we are moving seem thus far to have been interpreted by picture makers so largely in terms of sex and sadism, but no dramatic art can be asked to forego the contributions of such gifted men and women as Tennessee Williams, William Faulkner, or Lillian Hellman even if they appear to have a peculiar predilection for depicting perversion, frustration, and brutality. Movies, playing weekly in the U.S. alone to an audience of at least 20,000,000 adults, cannot be permanently geared to the intelligence and understanding of the tots and teenagers who constitute the other 50 per cent of their patrons.

The current dilemma that confronts producers, theatre owners, and parents arises from the either/or nature of the procedures involved in movie censorship and Code decisions. We must, under the present inflexible system, accept or reject pictures with no consideration of the audiences to which they are addressed. Surely when we refer to a film as adult we are saying that it was made for adults and not for adolescents. One New York theatre has even recently gone so far as to advertise a picture "For Mature Adults Only." Fortunately it was a small theatre and did not require many patrons. For what kind of audiences such garbage as "Not Tonight Henry," "Party Girl," or "Hot Bed of Sin" is suitable, I do not dare to say, but I do know that some thoughtless exhibitors occasionally pair them with pictures to which parents unhesitatingly send their children, such as "Swiss Family Robinson" or "1001 Dalmatians."

If, with the increased latitude of subject matter and expression now vouchsafed to movies, it appears desirable that increased supervision should be exercised over what pictures are shown to children, there are three ways in which this could be accomplished: 1) compulsory statutory classification by duly authorized state or municipal agencies; 2) industry action expanding the controls now exercised by the Code Authority to include classification of films for children; 3) voluntary classification by exhibitors acting with the advice and encouragement of picture makers and organizations interested in child welfare.

Forty-three countries, including practically every important Western nation except the U.S., now have some form of compulsory film rating, and even in the U.S. several municipalities already have classification provisions. A bill calling for classification will be presented in New York State for the fourth successive time this fall, and similar or even more drastic measures will, it is reported, be introduced in at least twenty-five states and even more cities. Such regulations are receiving widespread support not only from conservatives but also from liberal spokesmen. As influential a commentator as Walter Lippmann writes, "A continual exposure of a generation to the commercial exploitation of violence and cruelty is one way to corrode the foundations of civilized society. Believing as I do in freedom of speech and thought I see no objection in principle to censorship of the mass entertainment of the young. Until some more refined way is worked out of controlling this evil thing, the risks to our liberty are decidedly less than the risks of unmanageable violence."

I UNDERSTAND and sympathize with Mr. Lippmann's reactions, but I do not agree with him. I suspect that over the years he has had more intimate and revelatory contacts with statesmen, diplomats, and industrialists than he has with the political hacks and the widows of police sergeants who now constitute the bulk of our censor boards. There is, I fear, little hope that the personnel of these boards will be materially improved in the near future.

The English, with their rare capacity for political compromise, have established a system in which the industry and the community cooperate and which appears to function to the reasonable satisfaction of moviegoers, film makers, and exhibitors. It consists of an administrator designated by the picture industry, who, together with his advisers, classifies films into three categories: those regarded as suitable for all age groups; those acceptable for children under sixteen only when accompanied by a parent; and those restricted to adults only. Their decisions are not mandatory. They can be rejected by the local authorities, weakened, or made more severe. Ninety-five per cent of English county councils, however, require exhibitors to enforce them. Children are sometimes taken into theatres by persons other than their parents, and exhibitors inevitably commit errors concerning who is and who is not sixteen, but complaints of this nature are diminishing. In England a fine adult film such as "Room at the Top" can be shown to children under sixteen only with the approval of their parents. In the U.S. if the picture is passed it can be seen by anyone regardless of age. If rejected, it can be seen by nobody. A similar situation prevails all over Europe. In France "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" cannot be exhibited to anybody under the age of eighteen. In the U.S., except where censorship makes it unavailable to the entire community, any child can attend it.

ALTHOUGH the American procedure may appear unreasonable to most reasonable people, it has the support of the Motion Picture Association, which means the support of most of the major picture producing and distributing companies. A proposal that the Production Code Authority institute an audience rating system was unequivocally rejected on the grounds that it would "establish an unthinkable, unwarranted, and completely unjustified abridgement of freedom of choice." There are, of course, many who regard the Code itself as an "abridgement of freedom of choice."

To justify its position the Association offers four arguments, all worthy of consideration:

1) It is impossible to make any categorical statements as to what influence, if any, motion pictures exercise on children. Certainly any claim that pictures, even the most reprehensible, are largely responsible for juvenile delinquency is unscientific and incapable of being substantiated. In a society where newspapers, television, and comics vie in the profitable exploitation of the seamy side of life, it is obviously impossible to isolate and measure the ill effects of any one medium of information or misinformation. The furthest that reliable psychiatrists are prepared to venture is that although "mass media programs which present scenes of excessive brutality, immorality, or other extremes of deviant behavior prompt certain young persons to commit acts of violence, most of those thus affected are already disoriented, maladjusted, and predisposed to react violently to frustrating or conflicting situations." Reasonably careful parents, however, do not unnecessarily expose their children, however normal, to scenes of brutality or uninhibited sex. They do not require psychiatrists to warn them against pictures of this nature any more than they need dieticians to caution them against the consumption of liquor or excessive sweets. Nor do they need educators to tell them that children's ideas and

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ideals are formed primarily by what they see and what they hear. Without being able exactly to appraise the effect of pictures dedicated to violence, vice, and vulgarity, they are certain that such films do not raise their children's appreciation of beauty, tenderness, compassion, or human dignity.

2) The variations in the mental and moral development of children make any action restricting certain films to those over a specified age inequitable and impractical. It cannot be denied that there is considerable validity to this charge, but in an effort to protect minors every civilized community has found it necessary to pass legislation of this nature. Arbitrary age groupings are inevitably unfair to certain gifted individuals. They are one of the sacrifices that have to be made in a democratic society (as well as in a totalitarian one) for the welfare of the great majority.

3) Any form of classification will open the way to statutory censorship. This appears to me highly debatable. Nothing short of censorship itself will satisfy the dyed-in-the-wool bigots, but for the vast majority of the public the primary cause for complaint is, if I sense it correctly, that objectionable films are now being shown to children. Remove this grievance and the pressure for censorship from uncommitted sources is apt to decrease.

4) The final responsibility to decide what films their children should or should not see rests with their parents and not on the state or on the motion picture industry. With this general principle it would be difficult to disagree. But unfortunately principles are easier to enunciate than to enforce. We are living in a highly permissive society where most parents are unable to exercise close supervision over the movie attendance of their adolescent offspring. Anyone who is under the impression that by merely warning Papa and Mama that "Toys in the Attic" is largely concerned with adultery and incestuous desires he would necessarily prevent their fifteen-year-old Mary, movie-bound with her boy friend, from going to see it, is living in a dream world.

Even were this not the case, the amount of information available to conscientious parents is by no means as profuse or reliable as Motion Picture Association spokesmen suggest. Many rural papers, and some not so rural, carry no reviews but use boiler-plate material lifted bodily from industry-prepared press books. In some cities, newspapers are read by less than half the population and, though the *Daily News* in New York and the Chicago *Tribune* have impressive circulations, the extent to which Kate Cameron and Mae Tinee are accepted by their readers as guardians of their children's sensitivities and sexual awareness is dubious. As for advertising, I challenge anyone to find out from the ads of "Victim" or most of those for "The Mark," for example, that these pictures are in any way concerned with sexual deviations.

On the other hand, the word "adult" has become so obsessive for picture publicists that it has lost all meaning. "Lover Come Back" is "adult and sophisticated entertainment." "Sweet Bird of Youth" is "provocative, adult entertainment." "Tender Is the Night" is "distinguished, adult entertainment." In Hollywood, however, there are men of distinction and discretion increasingly unwilling to have pictures which they designed for mature minds shown to immature ones. Richard Brooks, William Wyler, Kazan, and Preminger are among those seeking to discard threadbare, provocative advertising slogans and to replace them with specific classification restrictions. "Elmer Gantry" and "Splendor in the Grass" were both merchandised with the provision that "No one under sixteen will be admitted unless accompanied by an adult." Eric Johnston has disparagingly referred to such restrictions as "an old and disreputable device of the back streets of show business used deliberately to lure the prurient-minded." Very possibly this is the case with some fast-buck-minded showmen. Fortunately, however, there are some producers and directors who regard the dangers involved in luring a handful of sensation seekers into theatres (and usually disappointing them) as far less disturbing than of prematurely disturbing the minds of sensitive, impressionable adolescents.

Classification, however, is almost impossible to enforce without the wholehearted cooperation of motion picture theatre owners. This cooperation, I discovered during a recent trip around the country, is being extended more substantially than is apparent in metropolitan centers. By the nature of their occupation, exhibitors, particularly small-town and neighborhood exhibitors, are closer to the public pulse than the Hollywood studio heads or New York sales department executives. The Theatre Owners Association, the largest exhibitor organization, furnishes its members with the ratings of all new films established by the Legion of Decency, *Parents' Magazine,* and *The Green Sheet.* The latter, I hasten to add, is not the well-known racing journal but a reliable guide for movie fanciers. It is financed, amazingly enough, by the anti-classification Motion Picture Association, and is prepared monthly by ten national organizations including such well-known groups as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Protestant Motion Picture Council, and the American Jewish Committee. Twenty-two thousand copies of *The Green Sheet* are mailed free of charge to civic, educational, and religious groups but the demand is so great that twice as many copies could be used advantageously. Indeed, so intense is the interest that when a national periodical mentioned the organization and its address (522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36), 10,000 requests to be included in its mailing list were immediately received.

Of course many theatre owners, intent primarily on retaining the patronage of children and adolescents, pay little if any attention to such communications, but there are plenty of more farsighted and/or public-spirited exceptions. In Texas the exhibitors, having more confidence in their own judgment than in that of the worthy ladies of *The Green Sheet,* have established their own rating service. Large circuits in Florida and Tennessee have "Parent Aid Plans" designed to guide families in their moviegoing. An outstanding exhibitor, Albert M. Pickus of Stratford, Connecticut, former president of the Theatre Owners Association, testifies relative to services of this nature: "There are no complications whatsoever and we have been complimented many, many times by the public." Walter Reade, another former TOA president, operating theatres in New Jersey and New York, resorts to classification so frequently that he has available in all of his theatres stock lobby signs reading, "No children under the age of sixteen whether or not accompanied by an adult can be admitted to this theatre for any part of the program."

Newton Minow, speaking of his own vast TV wasteland, once remarked, "Censorship, where will it end? Responsibility, where will it begin?" In the case of motion pictures it now appears possible that it will begin where it was least expected, with the theatre owner rather than with the producer, with the individual rather than with the state, and at the local level rather than on the national scene and screen.

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NEWS FROM
BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

New high-purity alloys make better electron tubes

Ingot of high-purity nickel alloy is removed from controlled atmosphere melting furnace. Alloy is virtually free of impurities which inhibit electron emission. The new alloying technique and the methods for making cathodes and evaluating their electron-emitting properties were developed by K. M. Olsen and H. E. Kern.

Scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories have developed new high-purity nickel alloys which are proving highly effective in lengthening the life of advanced-design electron tubes used in the Bell System. This development meets the demand of new electronic technology for long life and high reliability in electron tubes.

One of the new alloys is now providing the outstanding performance required in the electron-emitting cathode of the traveling wave tube in the Telstar satellite.

The first step was to devise new means for the fabrication of ultra-pure nickel to eliminate those impurities harmful to cathode performance. It was then possible to add to the ultra-pure nickel the alloy constituents and activating agents desired for optimum cathode performance, and at the same time to hold the undesirable impurities at levels below 50 parts per million. These techniques involved purifying the nickel raw materials and melting, alloying and casting in controlled atmospheres of hydrogen and helium.

This development is an example of how metallurgical scientists work to improve communications. The new nickel alloys are now being produced by the Western Electric Company, manufacturing unit of the Bell System.

Bell Telephone Laboratories

World center of communications research and development

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—John Collier

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXX • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor •

ARTICLE: A Contagious Experiment

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

REACHING THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA

THE Soviet revolution in Russia has captured the imagination of millions by turning an isolated and impoverished peasant people into a powerful nation in less than half a century.

It is curious that in searching for a counter to the influence of this dramatic achievement, the geopoliticians of American democracy should either overlook or ignore the presence just next door of an experiment that has lifted the human spirit across 400 years of time within one decade.

I speak of Vicos, a *hacienda* two miles up, almost unheard of in this country but fast becoming known in South America as "the cry of freedom" of the Andes.

Vicos occupies an entire mountainside in central Peru. It stretches from the lowermost edge of the glacier topping the peak to the bank of the Santa River in the valley below. A full mile up and down—from 9,000 to 14,000 feet altitude—it runs, covering 35,000 to 40,000 acres. Over one of its upper slopes a pass leads eastward into lower ranges of hills dotted with mines, and trains of pack mules daily bear silver and lead through the *hacienda* westward toward the sea.

In the year 1594, the land of Vicos and the Indians living on it were sold as a parcel by the Viceroy of Peru to Don Fernando de Colonia for 300 pesos and nine reales. From that day forward, the serfs and the rocky hills they tilled and grazed passed from owner to owner, from owner to renter, and from renter to renter, until the year 1952. Then a Minnesota-born anthropologist on the faculty of Cornell University gambled his future as a scientist on application of a psychiatric principle to anthropology.

Allan R. Holmberg, he is. He rented Vicos in hope of teaching the Indians to live as free and responsible men instead of what they had been — the animals closest to men in the evolutionary line.

"What does a psychoanalyst do?" Holmberg asked himself before undertaking his pioneer intervention at Vicos. "He starts with a patient who desires but is unable to function in the fullest capacity in the world in which he interacts. The fact that he cannot do so may be the fault of the society in which he lives, but if the patient is to make a satisfactory and desirable adjustment to life, he much change his behavior in various ways. The analyst cannot change his behavior for him; the patient must do it for himself. Ideally, what happens is this: through a process of self-enlightenment, with occasional strategic intervention by the analyst, the patient cures himself so that he can face up to his anxieties and shoulder his responsibilities to the best of his native abilities.

"It seems to me that the role of the participant interventionist in the process of community development is much the same. His job is to assist the community to develop itself, and to study this process while it is taking place. He cannot 'cure' the community as a surgeon cures a patient; the community must perform the operation on itself."

AT the end of five years of intervening at Vicos, Professor Holmberg's lease was up. Had his experiment worked? He could only wait and wonder. A long period of excruciating uncertainty followed. The Indians, responding to his encouragements, tried to take over the place. They failed. They tried again. And on 13 July 1962 they finally signed a purchase contract and made a down payment of twenty-five percent toward buying Vicos and with it their personal liberty.

Foreign policy makers in Washington, D.C., could note with profit that the Vicos project would have collapsed if Professor Holmberg had at any time been in doubt about his true beliefs concerning the dignity of man, or timid in their pursuit, or reluctant to seize opportunities that appeared unannounced from unlikely directions.

CORNELL University had no intention that any member of its faculty should become a feudal landlord when Holmberg went to Peru as an assistant professor of anthropology in 1949. Because of his prior experience among the Indians of the Amazon lowlands in Bolivia and the highlands of Peru, he had been picked by Professor Lauriston Sharp to participate in a global study of the effects of impingement of industrial civilization on agrarian peoples. The Carnegie Corporation had given Professor Sharp a grant to explore such matters in New Mexico, Canada, India, Thailand, and Peru (see SR/Research for June 1956).

Peru had been chosen for attention because a steel mill was planned on its Pacific coast at Chimbote Bay, and a hydroelectric dam to power the mill was being thrown across the top of Canyon del Pato, through which the Santa River drops precipitately westward after coursing north for miles between two mountain chains: the Black and the White Cordillera of the Andes. All along the Callajon de Huaylas, the Santa valley upstream from the dam, isolated Indian settlements had existed with little change since the days of the Spanish conquest. Holmberg's original assignment was to study what happened to these Indians after the dynamos at the dam's bottom began to generate power. But an Andean avalanche intervened, piling tons of the countryside against the dam and plug-

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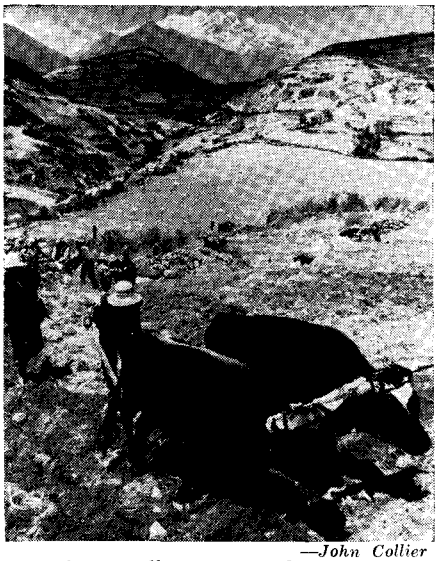


—*John Collier*

Oxen pull primitive plows . . .

—*John Collier*

. . . women glean the grain . . .

—*John Collier*

. homes are earth-floored adobe . . .

—*Abraham Guillen*

. . . but Vicos has the best rural school in Peru and Indian children are there learning to communicate with the outside world through three languages . . .

ging the tunnels down which the Santa's waters were to plunge onto the power generator blades at the canyon's bottom.

Many scientists would have given up at that point and gone elsewhere. But Holmberg saw a rare chance to try something new and bold on the *hacienda* Vicos, one of the subjects of his study. Like thousands of similar properties in the Peruvian highlands (estimates range from 2,000 to 6,000; there is no official census of them), Vicos was owned by a Public Benefit Society and was rented out on a ten-year lease. The Public Benefit Societies of Peru are responsible for maintenance of local hospitals. Their purpose in renting Benefit properties is to obtain operating funds. The renters are free to gather as much profit for themselves as the traffic will bear, and these profits are customarily far in excess of the leasehold fee.

Vicos, however, hadn't brought much profit to anyone for a long time. The renter who was at the moment using the *hacienda* to grow flax and weave linen in a factory nearby had gone bankrupt halfway through his decade of tenancy.

Professor Holmberg was acquainted with Ignacio Masias, the Peruvian engineer responsible for settlement of the bankruptcy case, and could have rented the *hacienda* on his own, as a private citizen. But a "gringo" stepping into such a situation would be bound to create a sensation, which the Professor did not want. His purpose was to bring about lasting betterment in the lives of the Indians. That could be done only with the active and sustained help of far-sighted Peruvians of

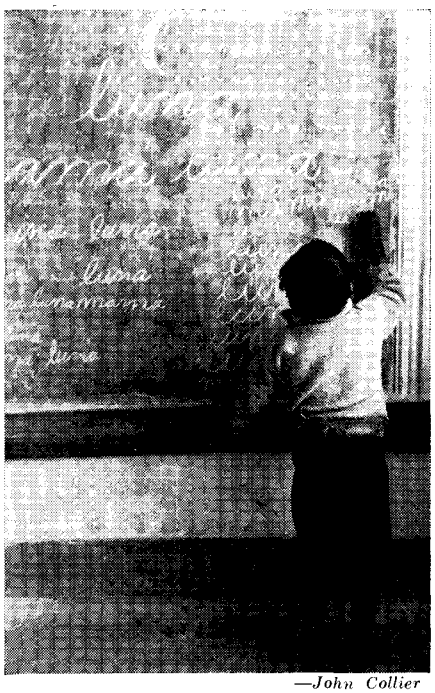
—*Abraham Guillen*

Allan R. Holmberg (hatless) dancing to an Indian drum

substance who understood the explosive implications of their country's "Indian problem." Such enlightened persons were not readily available.

There did exist, on paper, in the Peruvian capital city of Lima, a Peruvian Institute of Indian Affairs. Aside from a dedicated secretary, the Institute possessed little more than an air of enthusiasm. Certainly the anthropologist from Cornell had no reason to expect material assistance from it. However, the Institute had recently acquired a new president, Dr. Carlos Monge Medrano, who was not only the most distinguished physician in Peru but also a serious student of the biology of Andean man.

An international gathering of scholarly specialists in Peruvian affairs assembled at the U.S. Embassy in Lima in



—*John Collier*

. . . Spanish . . .

—*John Collier*

. . . numbers . . .

—*John Collier*

. . . and music . . .

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August 1951. Dr. Monge was there. Professor Holmberg was there, too. They met for the first time that day and immediately formed an alliance. By the following November, Dr. Monge had managed his connections in high Peruvian society deftly enough to enlist the influence of General Armando Artola, Minister of Labor and Indigenous Affairs in the Cabinet of Peru's president of that time, Manuel Odria. As a native of the Callajon de Huaylas, General Artola knew the Vicos situation intimately and was touched by the opportunity to help a people from whose midst he had sprung. Through him, prestige came to the Peruvian Institute of Indian Affairs practically overnight, and on 30 November 1951 Dr. Monge and Professor Holmberg signed a contract making them joint landlords of Vicos.

Although he learned Quechua, the native tongue of the Vicos Indians, in order to follow the details of everything that happened, Dr. Monge remained for the most part in Lima, meshing the scientific and political aspects of the project there. Professor Holmberg, having already moved his wife and three small children from Ithaca, N.Y., to the town of Marcara near Vicos, at the beginning of the Vicos lease in January 1952 moved again into a dilapidated adobe house facing the *hacienda* plaza. There he and his family remained until September 1952—without plumbing, boiling drinking water from an irrigation ditch—while the Professor put the Indians on the road to independence.

As *patron* of the estate, the Professor held absolute power over 380 families: a total of 1,700 people. The head of every family owed him three days work a week, at any site he chose. His immediate predecessor, the flax grower, for example, had used the Indians not only for tending the flax growing on Vicos but for running the linen factory a number of miles away. The Indian women and children were also required to serve the *patron* as cooks, maids, housekeepers, grooms and shepherds.

The best fields on the *hacienda*, along the Santa river, were reserved for the *patron*. The Indians worked them free, in part payment of their three-day tax, in return for the privilege of scratching the barest living from patches of hostile soil higher on the mountainside.

—*John Collier*

. . . for fiesta remains in the soul.

Traditionally, the *patron* exercised his lordly authority from a distance, visiting Vicos on rare occasions with the right to be carried about anywhere inside the property limits on the backs of the Indians. In his absence a resident *mayordomo* ruled for him through a military hierarchy of lieutenants and sub-lieutenants in the fields and pastures. Once a week the Indians would be assembled at a central point to hear orders for the week ahead.

THE attitude of the Indians toward the *patron* was one of extreme hostility, as might be expected in a situation where economic, political and judicial power were so intensely concentrated in a single pair of hands. "In fact," Professor Holmberg wrote at the time, "about the only area of culture in which his [the *patron*'s] power did not seriously impinge was that of religion, which was left pretty much in local hands. Thus, while the community went through the process of annually electing an official—an indigenous mayor who appointed a number of assistants—he or they had little or nothing to say in matters of secular concern; and since positions of responsibility in public affairs were lacking, adequate leadership did not develop, almost no public services were maintained, and the community was reduced to a highly disorganized state. Beyond alliances to immediate kinship groups and a devotion to the religious *fiesta* as a relief from frustration and despair, there were almost no other values which were widely shared among the members of Vicos society. At the same time, standards of living were at a bare minimum; health and nutritional levels were extremely low; educational facilities (and consequently skills) were almost completely lacking; cooperation within the community was the exception rather than the rule; resistance to the outside world was extremely high; attitudes toward life were static and pessimistic. Nor was it in the interest of the various *patrons* to change this system, for an organized and enlightened community would have meant an end to the disproportionately favored position which they occupied."

To prevent the estate from falling apart, Professor Holmberg kept the former *mayordomo* on the job at Vicos, and allowed him a set of six lieutenants. Then, with the help of a young Peruvian anthropologist, Mario Vasquez, the Professor began gradually to change the weekly meetings of the Indians from periods of passive listening to active discussion of *hacienda* problems. To encourage a genuine exchange of opinion, the *patron's* right to personal service was abolished, and the crops from the patron's lands were declared community property, to be sold for the purpose of accumulating cash reserves with which ownership of Vicos might someday be acquired.

—*Abraham Guillen*

—*John Collier*

Indians who once took orders (above) now debate with the boss (below)

The talk of cash and freedom probably sounded insane to the Indians, for they were starving. A blight had destroyed the potatoes, their favorite food. But Professor Holmberg was not dealing in nonsense. By integrating the values he was trying to teach, he made one support another. Establishment of the old *patron* fields as common property made it possible to demonstrate that better potatoes could be grown bigger at lower cost through use of modern planting, fertilizing, spraying and harvesting methods. The example encouraged the Indians to try the new methods in cultivation of their own fields. The new methods multiplied their harvests until the Vicosinos were not only feeding themselves to satiation but were sending potatoes to market in Lima. Profits from the sales of potatoes grown on the common lands could then be used for building a school and a medical clinic. The school heightened the Indians' sense of dignity and pride, so that before Professor Holmberg's lease was up they elected a council of ten to govern themselves.

This startling evolution had been finessed on a shoestring. Having only the Carnegie Corporation's $100,000 grant to spend, the Professor had gone back to teach at Cornell in September

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1952, leaving behind him at Vicos, as *patron pro tem*, first one younger American—William Mangan of Yale—and then another: William Blanchard of Cornell. Mario Vasquez, the Peruvian, stayed loyally on, continuing his researches simultaneously with subtle innovations in the Indians' affairs.

In Lima, meanwhile, Dr. Monge steadily strengthened the Peruvian Institute of Indian Affairs. Toward the end of 1956, he was ready to use its reinforced prestige to push for expropriation of Vicos by the Peruvian national government. The expropriation decree went through in 1958, but it required that a purchase price be agreed on amicably between the Public Benefit Society owner of Vicos and the Vicos Indians. Furthermore, the Indians had to pay in cash. Having learned, from the Professor's demonstration, how profitable a property Vicos could be, the Public Benefit Society declined to sell at any price the Indians could afford. The expropriation decree lapsed in 1960, for lack of compliance. At the beginning of July 1961, the Public Benefit Society brought suit to recover Vicos.

Again Dr. Monge interposed the reinforced prestige of the Peruvian Institute of Indian Affairs. He persuaded the national government to negotiate a direct sale of Vicos. This removed the requirement for cash payment. In 1962 a price of 2,000,000 soles [26.8 soles: $1 US] was fixed, the Indians paid 500,000 soles down, the national government loaned them 1,000,000 soles more to add to that payment, and the Public Benefit Society agreed to accept the 500,000 sole balance over a period of three years—provided that the national government first would give the Public Benefit Society an extra 1,256,861 soles with which to build a new hospital in the city of Huaraz. Although the owners of Vicos thus collected 3,256,861 soles for what had been a rundown estate before the Cornell anthropologist's appearance, that price was only half what they demanded of the Indians before Lima cracked down.

WHERE does the Vicos experiment stand today?

Its people still live in adobe huts. They have no bathrooms. Their drinking water is impure. Their food i primitive. They weave their own clothes and wear them Indian style.

"But we didn't set out to change these people outside," Professor Holmberg says. "We weren't putting on a show. We wanted to change the inside, where it matters. Do you remember that the last improvement we got here in the United States was plumbing? The Indians of Vicos will have bathrooms, too, when they are ready. All sorts of changes are possible in the lives of people when they have enough to eat, shelter from the elements, and freedom to make intelligent choices."

What of the scientific implications of Vicos?

"In the natural sciences," the Professor points out, "research and development are inseparable. Scientific discovery is sooner or later inevitably put to the test of success or failure through the appplication of research results in engineering and technology. Research and development work in behavioral science are seldom joined, as they were to some extent in Vicos, for the systematic exploitation of their reciprocal benefits. To get the feedback necessary for rapid advance in a behavioral science like anthropology, policy i needed, even if policy does not need science."

JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXX

FOLK HERO

Dr. Carlos Monge M.

PERHAPS I can convey something of the stature of Dr. Carlos Monge Medrano by saying that I was swept into his presence by an avalanche. An enormous chunk of glacier had just dropped off the White Cordillera of the Andes, burying my immediate future as an anthropologist in the valley below—Callejon de Huaylas in Peru. I was feeling more than somewhat sorry for myself in the anterooms of the U.S. Embassy in Lima when Dr. Monge suddenly loomed in my path.

"What a magnificent idea you have!" he exclaimed, after hearing my wildest dream of recouping my professional fortune. "I want to help you all I can. Please come to see me tomorrow."

Because I did go to see him on the morrow—it fell sometime in August 1951—my dream came true. It was a scheme for active intervention of a scientist in the daily lives of a primitive people for the purpose of helping them find a greater happiness. A whole mountainside was available for the experiment—the *hacienda* known as Vicos—if I could only devise means of renting the land (thereby also taking over the hundreds of Indians who occupied it).

Abraham Guillen.
Dr. Carlos Monge M.

Anthropologists were not doing such things in those days, and I can only suppose that Dr. Monge was prepared to join my self-made project because he himself was a self-made man. Born into a family of modest economic circumstances in the old colonial section of Lima, he was educated through the insistence of his mother and the kindness of a Peruvian physician who gave the young Carlos the freedom of a medical library: a precious privilege in a land where books were few.

After finishing his medical studies at the University of San Marcos, Carlos Monge crossed the Atlantic to specialize at the London School of Tropical Medicine. In order to read his textbooks there, he had to learn English. Upon returning to Peru, he put into such brilliant practice what he had learned in London that he soon became one of South America's foremost authorities on tropical diseases. At first his interest centered in the Amazon rain forest, where he served as an army officer. His research there brought appointments to hospital staffs and a teaching post on the San Marcos University medical faculty. Observation of the hospital patients turned his mind upward into the Andes and the effects of the thin mountain air on human biology. He invented the term, "climatic aggression," to describe an environmental influence which he saw to be as significant in man's survival as the aggressions of microbes.

By the time I met him, Dr. Monge was versed in Spanish, English and French. At an age when most men of means have retired, he was learning Quecha in order to speak directly with the Andean Indians. He was or had been physician to many families of social consequence—including those of several Presidents of Peru. His status was one of trust above and outside party politics. As director of the Peruvian Indian Institute he was able to sign with me an agreement to free the Vicos *hacienda* and its people from serfdom. I salute him as an authentic hero of his people—and of mine.

—ALLAN R. HOLMBERG.

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A CONTAGIOUS EXPERIMENT

The Vicos Idea Has Spread Throughout Peru

By HENRY F. DOBYNS, CARLOS MONGE M., AND MARIO C. VASQUEZ

THE year 1961 was the tenth year of participant intervention and follow-up research carried out by anthropologists of Cornell University in the Andean community of Vicos in Peru, in collaboration with the Peruvian Indian Institute and other governmental agencies. In discussing the progress of this community development program conceived a decade ago by what we may term "an intelligent American," we wish to consider four social structural levels of impact. These are progressively larger geographic zones of Peru: the community, the neighborhood, the region, and the ·tion.

The achievements within the Vicos community and community reactions to them have already been described, so that we need say little more about this level. However, we may inject one index of the reaction of the Vicos Indians to the total change achieved by their community since initiation of the project. This is the return of migrants to Vicos. A recent analysis of migratory movements in and out of Vicos found that thirty families, or seven percent of all families now living in that community, have returned to Vicos during the past seven years. The specific motivations for returning are as varied as specific reasons for emigrating from Vicos in the first place, but they may all be summed up under the rubric of taking advantage of the relatively more favorable socioeconomic environment in Vicos created by the sharing of values there set in motion by the Cornell Peru Project.

These returning migrants reinforce the dynamics of change in Vicos by bringing to the community concepts new to it which they have learned during their residence on the coast. These families are commerce-oriented, .y and sell for a quick turnover and profit instead of traditional Vicos hoarding. They are vociferously anti-*hacendado* and anti-rich. They understand the idea of the strike and have experience striking. Thus the body of returned migrants complements the group of returned army veterans with a different set of experiences outside Vicos. With the former school students, they constitute the total Vicos populace effectively exposed to modern Western civilization.

Passing to the neighborhood around Vicos (operationally defined as the administrative Province of Carhuaz), we must distinguish two types of reactions to the project. One is acceptance and the other is resistance. Within "acceptance" we can distinguish at least three sub-types.

Peasant enthusiasm. First, the Indian peasants living in the immediate neighborhood of Vicos have viewed the social and economic results of project intervention with general enthusiasm. Their specific attitude is often one of jealousy of the Vicos Indians for having received special attention from the "gringos," and desire for equivalent programs for themselves. Since the direct intervention of Cornell University as administrator ceased in 1956, the community development and educational program of the Peruvian government carried on in Vicos has been extended to nine other adjacent communities, primarily through the functioning of the greatly enlarged Vicos school as a nucleus for a rural peasant school system.

Landed proprietor cooperation. The expanded rural school program involves some of the large estate owners of the neighborhood who have welcomed governmental educational efforts directed toward their serfs. These cooperating landlords have donated plots of their land for school building construction, and have even assigned obligatory peasant labor to construction projects.

Mestizo emulation. The peasant school program also reaches some mestizos [Spanish-Indian mixed bloods] farming small properties between the large estates, particularly near the towns of Marcara and Carhuaz. Residents of these towns formerly lorded their socially superior position over the Vicos Indians but now some townsmen question the Vicosinos about the details of their modern agricultural technology. The school program extends to one legally recognized "indigenous community" between Vicos and Marcara–Recuayhuanca, which actually is more mestizo than Indian. The people of Recuayhuanca joined with the people of Vicos to construct a building for a medical clinic.

NOT involved in the organizational and technological progress set in motion in the local neighborhood by the project are some estate owners and managers, who manage to inhibit the participation of their Indian serfs in the benefits of general neighborhood improvement. This lack of involvement reflects the direct refusal of such landed proprietors to grant the validity of the Vicos project goals. These men are resisting the project, particularly its extension to affect the indigenous population from whose forced labor they benefit.

We may cite violent indices of this resistance. When government expropriation of Vicos was decided, four ministers of the Peruvian national government visited Vicos in January of 1957. (A visit by such dignitaries to such a community almost never occurs in Peru.) The serfs of Chancos, an adjoining estate, took advantage of this unheard of opportunity to ask the ministers to extend the Vicos program to their estate. When they returned to their homes that night, their master had them flogged for impertinence.

In 1960, the Indians on another adjoining estate, Huapra, formally included within the "zone of action" of the Vicos rural peasant school nucleus, began constructing a new school building [for their own children] and petitioned ecclesiastical authorities for permission to plant uncultivated fields of Huapra on the same community-enterprise and profit plan followed in Vicos. The hereditary renter of this church-owned property sought and obtained a fifteen-man armed detachment of national police on the plea that his life and property were endangered by in-

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vading, strange peasants. On 9 August 1960, he led this detachment to the hillside where the serfs were planting, and when the police attempted to arrest Indian leaders, police gun fire killed three peasants and seriously wounded five others. In the aftermath of this massacre, the chief executive officer of Ancash department [state], who authorized use of the police, was allowed to resign by the [national] Minister of Government.

BOTH landed proprietors and townsmen have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. The mestizos of neighboring Marcara are turning more against Vicos as cultural change and economic progress in Vicos destroy or menace the hitherto privileged mestizo position.

Vicos has dried up as a fountain of free or cheap labor commanded by Marcara residents. The Vicos Indian who in the past was hired out by the renter of Vicos during the Indian's obligatory work days, or voluntarily worked by the day for a pittance, today stays at home to work his own plot. He can make more money tilling his own soil using modern methods than he could by hiring out—some families report up to 5,000 soles this season in cash realized above family food needs. The disappearance of Vicos labor from Marcara has given rise to an opposition claim that the project works the Vicos Indians harder than they were ever worked before. The mestizo, who places a negative value on manual labor, seems unable to perceive that the Indian, who places a high value on labor, is happily laboring harder than ever before *in his own interest.*

The people of Marcara can no longer casually order the Indians of Vicos to perform minor menial tasks and expect obedience. Thus when a car went off the road recently and some men from Vicos were ordered to pull it back, they left it where it sat. This makes the Vicos people "very rebellious," and the "most odious Indians" of the district in the view of the Marcara citizens.

The small merchants of Marcara are losing their traditional trade in Vicos because of consequences of project activities. The mestizo merchants who formerly supplied maize and wheat to Vicos now sell little. The Vicos community farm enterprise raises about enough wheat and maize to meet Vicos demand. Instead of selling this grain on the open market, and forcing Vicos families to purchase on that market, the community sells its own maize and wheat directly to Vicos consumers at approximately half the market price.

Freed from dependence on Marcara merchants, equipped with their new sense of self-reliance, and taking advantage of their purchase of a truck, the Vicos Indians are now by-passing Marcara, three and a half miles from their plaza, to shop in the departmental capital of Huaraz fifteen miles distant, where prices are lower, selections wider, and small city attractions lure. One Huaraz merchant also by-passes Marcara by dispatching merchandise-laden trucks directly to Vicos a couple of times a week.

An additional threat to Marcara's Vicos-exploiting economy has arisen in the last year or so. The Peruvian National Plan for Integrating the Aboriginal Population sent two sewing machines to Vicos to add to one already there, and hired a woman from Marcara to teach sewing and crocheting. Her classes have reached seventy women per week, plus a few men. As the Vicos people learn to sew, tailors and seamstresses in Marcara lose their traditional profitable market for dresses, coats, trousers, etc. As Vicos Indians learn to crochet finery for blouse collars, fronts and cuffs, another lucrative market disappears in the busy flashing of crochet hooks.

Huaraz merchants have also begun extending credit to the people of Vicos. One enterprising young Indian is purchasing his own sewing machine on time, and purchasing cloth wholesale to make up into clothing for sale. As a result, the Marcara economic parasite lashes out at the Cornell Peru Project for turning the Vicos host into a social organism too healthy to be victimized.

If we may return to the Vicos community again for a moment, it is worth pointing out that the governing council carries on its own program of "foreign aid" in favor of less fortunate indigenous enclaves. A number of communities have sent emissaries to Vicos to request technical advice, or small-scale financing, or both. The Vicos Indians have made small loans to finance communal agricultural enterprises like their own in communities unable to obtain bank financing. In general, the relatively sophisticated Vicosinos have insisted on supervising the technical agricultural operations carried out under these loans, just as their own bank-financed agricultural

—*Abraham Guillen.*

Mario Vasquez, agent of evolution.

activities are supervised by agricultural engineers from the Interamerican Cooperative Food Production Service (changed into a purely Peruvian agency on 1 April 1961). Vicos is currently carrying on such a program with the Indians of the *hacienda* Ullupuquio, in the Province of Carhuaz. A Vicos teacher served as innovator.

The Vicos Indians received requ
for similar loans from the people of
the *haciendas* Parash, Rurish and Uchusquillo in the Province of Huari on the eastern slope of the White Cordillera. Vicos fowl and egg vendors carried word of the new life in their community to these peasants.

[The case of Uchusquillo is far more dramatic than can be indicated here. The ten-year lease on that *hacienda* had expired, and the Uchusquillo Indians decided to follow the Vicos example. With a loan from Vicos, they rented the estate themselves and so became free men].

If we shift our view now from the local neighborhood immediately around Vicos to the region in which Vicos is located, we find much the same diversity of reaction to the project as in the neighborhood.

The region to be considered consists of the Callejon de Huaylas, a large inter-Andean valley drained by the Santa River. Nearby Marcara is a district capital—the district [town or township] being the minimum geographic unit of Peruvian public administration. This fact is not very important to Vicos other than in channeling the direction of their communications with author Carhuaz is the capital of the province [county], and with its court of primary jurisdiction, subprefect, secondary school and so on, serves somewhat more of a centralizing function than Marcara. Huaraz, however, centralizes

P. W. BRIDGMAN:

A Sophisticate's Primer of Relativity

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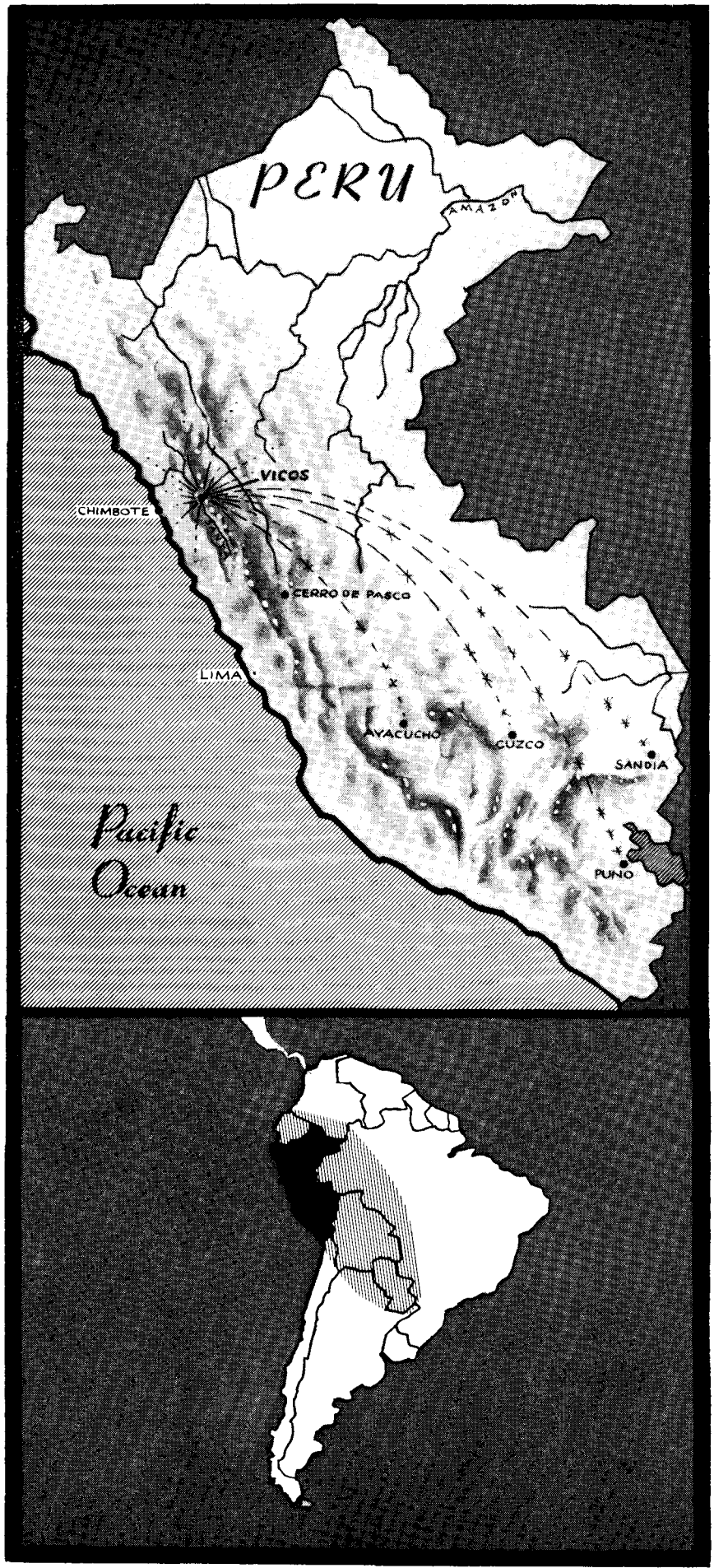
and canalizes. It is the largest city in the valley, and the capital of the province [state] of Ancash.

Resistance to the Vicos project at the regional level centers in this administrative city of Huaraz. The landed proprietors of the neighborhood are by and large absentee landlords or renters residing in Huaraz, such as the renter who set off the massacre last August across the river from Vicos at Huapra. The proprietors have formed the Ancash Farm Bureau (Asociacion de Agricultores de Ancash) to consolidate their front—only landed proprietors belong—and denounced the Vicos project before organizations such as the Rotary Club which accurately reflect the city's social and power structure. Inasmuch as these landed proprietors belong to the principal families of the city and department in a social sense—the long established elite—it is easy to see why they have supporters. A reactionary bi-monthly newspaper owner whose job-shop occupies the ground floor of the building where the renter of Huapra has his law offices, has published several slanderous articles about the project and its personnel. This gentleman expressed the point of view every applied anthropologist is probably familiar with: "every peasant can learn modern agricultural methods" so the fact that the Vicos Indians have done so reflects no merit on the project. In other words, he demonstrates no realistic perception of cultural differences other than as topic for ridicule.

One other major source of resistance to the project exists in the city of Huaraz—a rather healthy portion of the Communist Party, which appears to recognize that every success of the project diminishes by that much the Communists' own chances of fomenting a violent revolution. The Party tries to sabotage reform because it has just as much *immediate* interest in maintaining the status quo as the landed proprietors have.

The renter of the estate where the massacre occurred last August went so far as to visit the United States Embassy in Lima to denounce the U. S. citizens then at Vicos as "Communists." This epithet is believed in the region more widely than a North American would expect, simply because the Cornell Peru Project activities favor Indians. According to the logic of many Peruvians, anyone who works for Indians is by definition Communist—even the Catholic priests.

Having mentioned priests, we should go on to add that the project is not opposed by one influential group one might expect to find allied with conservative landed proprietors—the established Roman Catholic Church. In



Above: Sparks from Vicos. Below: The Indian heartland.

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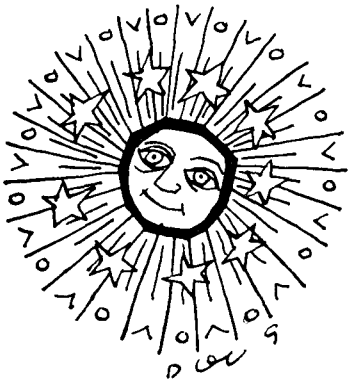
fact, the local Marcara parish priest is a great admirer of the "gringos." He is paid to celebrate more rites in Vicos today than in pre-project times, as Vicos prosperity is translated into festival prestige. The Bishop of Huaraz has shown himself to be quite friendly, visiting Vicos in January to confirm, and the clergy in between also favors the project, which has carefully avoided intervening in Vicos religious practice.

At the northern or lower end of the valley to which Vicos belongs, farthest from the administrative center of Huaraz, there is little knowledge of or interest in Vicos or the project in urban areas. The indigenous communities, however, through their contacts with official publications of the Peruvian Institute of Indian Affairs, have gen-



erally positive although somewhat vague notions about the Vicos project.

At the rural southern or upper end of the valley, there is considerable knowledge of and interest in the project. The legally recognized indigenous communities of the Province of Bolognesi met in convention early in April of 1961 and passed a resolution of applause for the Cornell Peru Project's operations at Vicos. One indigenous community in this end of the valley, Catac, is among those that have visited Vicos to seek aid.

At the national level, the landed proprietor class has not overtly resisted the project. One very interesting phenomenon of the progress of the project has been the almost entirely favorable chorus of public pronouncements for Vicos goals. To be sure, some critical articles have appeared in the metropolitan press. One major Lima daily, *La Prensa,* published a critical article two years ago based apparently on a reporter's twisting of the remarks of a United Nations functionary who had made a flying visit to Vicos, but this newspaper has otherwise fairly consistently supported the project. *El Comercio,* another major Lima daily, has supported the project in the past or at least reported it objectively, and has thus far discovered no basis for overt attack. *La Cronica,* the third major Lima daily newspaper, has consistently reported the project objectively to favorably. The daily organ of the APRA [land reform] party, *La Tribuna,* has never left any doubt as to its wholehearted backing, as is to be expected from APRA's political program. The attacks against the project or its personnel which have been printed in the capital city press have appeared in a few small-circulation, more or less ephemeral, sheets published in Lima.

To what extent public opinion in Peru is molded by government action would be difficult for us to say at this point in our research. Certainly it is worth pointing out the characteristics of governmental response to the project. In the legislative sphere, reaction to the project in the Peruvian Senate and Chamber of Deputies has almost always been favorable. A bill introduced in the Chamber of Deputies in September of 1960, for example, provided for expropriation of the *hacienda* of Huapra where peasants had been slain by police the month before. The Cornell Peru Project was designated by name to take over the preparation of the peasants across the river from Vicos for effective participation in national life. [Passage of this legislation has been delayed by a dispute between the Church and a private individual over property rights in Huapra.]

The most abundant evidence of Vicos impact at the national level comes, perhaps, from the administrative branch of the government. At the Ministerial level, the project has been taken advantage of to score personal successes and obtain favorable publicity many times. This occurred under ex-President Manuel A. Odria. More recently, Prime Minister Pedro Beltran, of ex-President Manuel Prado's cabinet, based his defense of indigenous policy before the Peruvian Congress on the Vicos pilot project and an International Labor Organization project. The Prado Minister of Labor and Indigenous Affairs, Jose Luis Gonzalez Suarez, scored a personal success in the regional International Labor Organization conference at Buenos Aires during April 1961 by securing the adoption of a declaration whose philosophy is based in large part on these two pioneering integration programs. Another former Minister of Labor and Indigenous Affairs, Alvarado Garrido, used Vicos personnel to carry out exploratory investigations of crisis situations. He requested the Vicos field director, Mario Vasquez, to study the *haciendas* of Lauramarca and Q'eros in the Department of Cuzco and *haciendas* Villurcuni and Uchusquillo in the Department of Puno.

More important, the organizational structure of the Cornell Peru Project has been copied to a significant extent in setting up community development and Indian integration programs elsewhere in Peru. The Puno-Tambopata Project of the International Labor Organization operates under a government agreement much like the project's, and its chief executive in the field is a former field director at Vicos, Dr. William C. Blanchard. It differs in emphasizing vocational training, stimulating out-migration, and in having the funds to work in something like a hundred communities; and with aid from the UN Special Fund it is beginning construction of an access road into the Tambopata Valley (being spontaneously colonized) and beginning an artisan training school in Huancayo. The departmental program of Indian integration in Cuzco is operated by the anthropology faculty of the University of Cuzco under an agreement with the National Plan for Integration of the Aboriginal Population much like the agreement governing the Vicos project. The departmental program in Ayacucho is also operated by the anthropology faculty of the University of Huamanga under a similar agreement. Its action program is in the Pampa de Cangallo, where there are only scattered *rancherias.*

One of the higher level administrative innovations of the project endures with increasing force. In order to achieve the interdepartmental integration of action viewed as desirable to accomplish the aims of the pilot project in Vicos, an interministerial committee was established a number of years ago. Recently, this body has been made the governing commission of the National Plan for the Integration of the Aboriginal Population, and strengthened by adding members. This is to say that the theory of integrated governmental action in the local Indian community propounded by the Vicos project has been accepted and incorporated into the Peruvian governmental structure. Last year the NPIAP decided to foster a process of feedback into the departments [states] from the national level, and also to seek better departmental level planning by establishing similar committees in eight departments with large indigenous populations.

In conclusion, we wish to offer the view that the Vicos pilot project has become to a considerable extent the bellwether of Indian affairs and government Indian policy in Peru.

This is an edited version of a report originally written for Human Organization, a journal published or the Cornell campus. Dr. Carlos Monge and Mario Vasquez are identified elsewhere in these pages. Dr. Henry Dobyns coordinates Cornell's various research projects in Peru.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

A CRY OF FREEDOM FOR TEN MILLION?

South America Has Two-thirds as Many Serfs as Russia Freed in 1861

THE Iberian conquerors found in the New World a variety of native tribes and civilizations, to which they gave the name "Indian." In a few regions of Latin America, the natives were so few—and their cultures so weak—that the invaders, in effect, eliminated them, either by extermination or by shunting the survivors off to reservations or fringe areas. Native Indians, either by blood or culture, are today an insignificant element in the nations of Argentina, Uruguay, Costa Rica, and Chile, whose populations are predominantly "white" in racial type. Even in these countries there are, of course, some *mestizos* (people of mixed Indian and white heredity), and these countries, like all Latin America, have received certain cultural contributions from the Indians, such as domesticated plants, folk beliefs, and additions to the language. In several Latin American nations, including Mexico, Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Paraguay, Indians constitute a large and recognizable segment of the population. In all other countries, except Cuba and the Dominican Republic, the Indian element, although smaller, is still visible.

According to accepted Latin American definitions and practices, "recognized Indians" are not considered members of the various national societies or cultures. The custom, in Spanish, of speaking of the Indians in terms of race *(raza)* is confusing to North Americans. In Spanish-American countries Indians are regarded as a separate race, not because of any distinguishable physical characteristics, but because they have a different culture and social status as compared with recognized or Europeanized members of the national society.

In most countries many prominent people are as "Indian" in their inherited physical traits as any recognized tribal member. Conversely, any member of an Indian tribe or community may be accepted into the national society, usually on the basis of three accomplishments. He must learn to speak the national language, Spanish or Portuguese, fluently. He must adopt European-type clothing. And he must move away from a recognized Indian tribe or community and settle in a city, town, or village considered to be national—i.e., Spanish or Portuguese—in its culture. If he adopts these new "European" ways while remaining on his home ground, everyone will say that he is "just an Indian trying to be a Peruvian" (or whatever the national adjective may be). Elsewhere he will be accepted, provided he takes on the symbols of the national culture. So long as they cling to their native language and costume and remain affiliated with their aboriginal tribe or community, Indians are usually not able to contract recognized marriages with the members of the national community or engage in other activities typical of full membership in the national society.

It is thus obvious that "recognized Indians," so long as they remain in that status, do not form a part of modern Latin American society. Not only do they lack social status within the national system, but also they are usually denied effective political or economical influence, with the one exception of Bolivia. The difference in racial definitions in Latin America compared with the southern region of the United States is obvious. A Negro in the South cannot change his individual social status, defined by a visible factor, color of skin. In Latin America, on the other hand, an Indian, provided he gives up his cultural identification with the aborigines, can be readily accepted into the national structure, although at first his position may place him in its lower classes.

John Collier.

RECOGNIZED tribal or community Indians thus form a part of the total population in most Latin American countries, yet they are not included in the national social structure. However, even while they remain in their self-contained tribal or community groups, Indians may be "swung" or influenced by middle-class leaders. For example, in 1951 I became acquainted in Ecuador with at least the leading elements of a group of 30,000 "Communist" Indians. Representative members affirmed emphatically, "Yes, we are Communists." When I sat down to talk with them, I discovered that they did not know who Stalin was, where or what Russia was, or what Marx had said. But they did want their own pieces of land and were against the large landowners who, they felt, had abused them. Responding to the Indians' known grievances, several avowed middle-class Communists from the capital city, Quito, had taught them that they were "Communists."

Perhaps ten million persons still live as recognized Indians, in a total Latin American population of about 180 million. As such, they are not effective members of their respective national societies and do not provide national leadership, except in Bolivia. Unless some radical changes occur in long-established patterns, they will continue to be absorbed gradually, contributing their genes and some of their culture traits to the nations where they live.

—JOHN P. GILLIN

in "Social Change in Latin America Today," (Harper & Bros. for the Council on Foreign Relations, $5.00)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—James Thomas

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Perhaps it should be asked, "Where are we taking science?" For no amount of discovery of new means of controlling the human environment will suffice to solve man's problems if man himself, through sheer increase of numbers, insists on overwhelming the resources of planet earth. South America's population is growing faster than the population of any other continent. Unless thought is given to long range consequences, and quickly translated into action, the belatedly emerging Indian may be trapped in a squeeze for survival. Below is part of a report originally written by Robert C. Cook, president of the Population Reference Bureau, Inc., for the October 1962 issue of Population Bulletin. It emphasizes the political responsibility of the government of the United States to stimulate research that might lead to control of the population explosion.

BY ROBERT C. COOK
Population Reference Bureau

THE Alliance for Progress is a co-operative effort of all countries in the Organization of American States to stimulate economic development in Latin America during the present decade. It is built on the concept of self-help.

The United States co-ordinator of the Alliance for Progress is Teodoro Moscoso, a realist who works under the motto "Be Brief—We Are 25 Years Behind." He was director of *Operation Bootstrap,* the imaginative program which helped to achieve economic development in Puerto Rico during the 1950's, and he is aware that unless the Alliance wins the backing of Latin America's political leaders it is doomed to failure. Many of those leaders fail to realize that unless a "bloodless revolution" can quickly change feudal socio economic systems, the people's dream of a better life will not materialize.

At the time of the first anniversary of the Alliance, Mr. Moscoso notified his staff that it should be marked but not celebrated. He listed some progress in the field of construction, "counting projects currently under way and U. S. funds already committed":

> 168,000 homes, 15,000 miles of roads, 620 water supply systems, 360 hospitals and health centers and 17,250 classrooms. In addition some 17,000 technicians in the field of agriculture and 20,000 teachers and other educational specialists will have been trained and 27,000 agricultural loans effected. It is expected that approximately 35 million people in Latin America will have benefited from Alliance projects.

As listed, these add up to an impressive first step. But in relation to the total need, are they? Will these homes, hospitals, classrooms and roads even begin to alleviate the privation which the great majority in Latin America have felt for decades? Mr. Moscoso would surely be the first to answer this question strongly in the negative.

People are the indisputable measure of the need which exists in Latin America. In 1960, there were 200 million people in the region, most of them living in dire poverty. Population more than doubled in the first half of this century. The greatest spurt in growth came during the last two decades.

Feudal systems which have remained static for centuries have been overwhelmed by sheer numbers. As a result, today's appallingly low living levels are remaining stagnant or are barely rising in many parts of Latin America.

If present growth rates continue unchanged, population will almost triple in the second half of this century, bringing the total to 592 million in the year 2000. Unless social and economic systems are modernized and vitalized, what kind of an existence can Latin Americans expect?

The problem of economic development which now looms so large cannot be divorced from the problem of rapid population growth. Yet there has been no effective recognition of this, either north or south of the Rio Grande. Dr. J. Mayone Stycos, Associate Professor of Sociology, Cornell University, speaking before a group of applied anthropologists in May, commented on this official evasion in these words:

> . . . it is almost literally impossible to ignore the population problem in Latin America, although both the United States and Latin America have come as close to this as is humanly possible. The United States, so insensitive to Latin American feelings in most areas in the past, has maintained a sensitivity to the assumed Latin American population values and mores which should earn the envy of every applied anthropologist.

Rapid population growth which checkmates economic growth has already brought some parts of Latin America very close to economic, political and social disintegration.

What can be done to speed the decline of birth rates? What can be done to speed the social changes so essential to success of the Alliance for Progress?

All governments should recognize the fact that "no realistic discussion of economic development can fail to note that development efforts in many areas of the world are being offset by increasingly rapid population growth." Those words of wisdom and of warning appeared in the now famous report of the "Draper Committee" transmitted to President Eisenhower in July 1959. Every government in the world which is receiving or giving technical and econmic aid should re-examine them.

THE evasion which was responsible for ignoring these recommendations when they were made three years ago seems to be less pervasive in official Washington today. But while discussion is much freer now, positive programs in education and research designed to solve the population problem continue to be inhibited by political considerations.

Throughout Latin America, the inhibiting factors are extremely complex. It is to be expected that those who control the wealth and political power in many of the countries are staunch defenders of the status quo and they oppose social and economic reforms. They fail to comprehend that unless there is social change, economic growth cannot materialize. They are quick to use the statistics of rapid population growth to support their requests for financial aid for schools, housing projects, roads, etc., but they ignore the need to curb that growth in the interest of national welfare.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

OCTORS IN THE STOCK MARKET

MAY I ADDRESS MYSELF to certain factual and ethical questions raised by your article, "Human Guinea Pigs and the Law," in the October 6th issue of *SR*?

Firstly: Dr. Dale Friend, whom you mentioned in your article, tendered his resignation from the Technical Advisory Board of Medical Securities Fund at least six months ago. As a matter of fact, his name appeared on an early preliminary prospectus so that it may be stated that he never served on the Board of the Fund, which Fund was approved for public sale by the Securities and Exchange Commission in May of this year.

Secondly: Dr. Friend consented to the use of his name very reluctantly and only as a personal favor to me.

Thirdly: Dr. Friend did not receive one cent for his efforts.

Fourthly: Dr. Friend did not put one iota of his special knowledge at the disposal of the Fund—there was no Fund at the time, only an idea.

Fifthly: It is a gross insult to me to insinuate that I would ask a physician to divulge confidential information and it is an even greater insult to Dr. Friend to insinuate that he would provide such information. The same applies to the other physicians on our two boards.

Sixth: Our Fund was organized to provide investors with possible long term capital appreciation via investments in the medical care field because we feel that the long term prospects of this field are excellent. There is nothing unethical or immoral in this investment approach. We do not depend on "tips" but on thorough research into the industry and the company and the company's securities before making our investment decisions.

Seventh: There is nothing unethical or immoral in physicians serving on the boards of any companies and it certainly makes a lot of sense that they be able to contribute to the deliberations of a company which is in their field. Nor can one expect unanimity in their thinking. Quite the contrary. There is as much disagreement among medical men on even medical matters as you would find among non-medical men on non-medical matters.

Eighth: In the last analysis, the investment committee of our Fund (which, incidentally, does not have a single MD on it) after taking many medical, economic and financial factors into account, recommends the buying, retention or selling of any security.

Because of the high and respected position in medicine occupied by Dr. Friend as well as by the physicians presently on our Boards, I respectfully request that you publish this note so that the ecord is set straight and their names be cleared of any unwarranted and totally unfounded implications.

HARRY I. GREENFIELD,
President,
Medical Securities Fund, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In another letter to SR's Science Editor, Mr. Greenfield says that Dr. Dale Friend resigned from the technical advisory board of Medical Securities Fund, Inc., on 18 May 1962. This was just seven days after the date which appears on the stock prospectus quoted from in SR/Research for October 1962. That prospectus, a copy of which had been sent to SR's Science Editor by a group of prominent physicians who had received it through the mails, was not an "early preliminary" prospectus. It was a final prospectus—used to try to sell 2,000,000 shares of stock of Medical Securities Fund, Inc., at $10 per share. Whether or not Dr. Friend was reluctant in his association with Medical Securities Fund, Inc., whether or not he allowed use of his name "as a personal favor" to the stock fund's president, Dr. Friend's name was used in seeking to raise the $20,000,000 initial capital promoters of the Medical Securities Fund, Inc., needed to set themselves up in business.*

Dr. Friend's name is an influential name in medicine. He is widely known not only as an experimenter on drugs whose reports help determine which new drugs are approved for marketing. He is also on the editorial boards of the New England Journal of Medicine and of Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics—posts in which he has opportunity to read and exert control over publication of advance reports of other drug experimenters. Copies of the prospectus containing his name as an advisor to Medical Securities Fund, Inc., were sent to a great many physicians in the United States. Mr. Greenfield has told SR's Science Editor on the telephone that "many, many" doctors have bought stock in the fund in response to the offer made in the prospectus.

Asked why at least some of the physicians who received the prospectus containing Dr. Dale Friend's name have not also received a later prospectus from which Dr. Dale Friend's name was removed, Mr. Greenfield said both prospectuses were sent out by stock brokers for whose activities neither he nor Medical Securities Fund, Inc., is responsible. Mr. Greenfield denied having anything to do with the mailing lists the brokers used to reach the doctors. He said such lists could be obtained at public libraries. However, he did not feel obligated to obtain a comprehensive list and write a corrective letter to physicians who had received and were in position to be influenced by the prospectus that mentioned Dr. Dale Friend's name as an inducement to buy stock.

The prospectus says Medical Securities Fund, Inc., will interest itself in drugs and medical publications, among other investments. The first quarterly report of Medical Securities Fund, Inc., lists a portfolio containing the stocks of a score of drug houses.

Whether it is ethical for physicians, who in the end determine the sales of particular drugs through the prescriptions they write for drugs, to invest in companies which manufacture the drugs is a question to be decided by the individual doctor and the medical society to which he belongs. The law is silent. What constitutes a stock "tip" in Wall Street parlance is likewise an individual definition. But the Securities and Exchange Commission did not "approve" the association of any doctor with Medical Securities Fund, Inc., did not "approve" the contents of any prospectus sent out by Medical Securities Fund, Inc., and did not "approve" the stock of Medical Securities Fund, Inc. On the contrary, the law requires, and the face of every stock prospectus carries, in prominent type, the following legend:

"THESE SECURITIES HAVE NOT BEEN APPROVED OR DISAPPROVED BY THE SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION NOR HAS THE COMMISSION PASSED UPON THE ACCURACY OR ADEQUACY OF THIS PROSPECTUS. ANY REPRESENTATION TO THE CONTRARY IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE."

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS

YOUR OCTOBER 6 ARTICLE ["Human Guinea Pigs and the Law"] is a most unfortunate *ad hominem* attack on honest scientists whose opinions happen to differ from your own. Allow me to set down a few important facts for your readers:

(1) The opposition to recent hasty regulatory actions by the Congress and the Food and Drug Administration does not stem only (or even primarily) from lackeys of the drug houses, Nazi-like brutes, or profit-seeking tycoons. *Science*, described in your October 6 issue as "the voice of the American scientific community," ran a warning editorial quite similar to my own. Criticism has come, rather, from men (like myself) whose public urging of drug reforms antedates your own pleas and who have testified to this purpose before Congressional committees. Having suffered considerable personal abuse from some advertising and industry quarters for suggesting that the pharmaceutical baby needed a bath, I confess to a certain sadness on assault from anti-industry quarters for trying to prevent the infant from being washed down the drain.

(2) No reputable scientist of my acquaintance is opposed to the *principle* of patient consent. Such consent is, as a matter of fact, usually routine operating procedure. Where ethical and responsible physicians differ is in their opinions as to when the obtaining of such consent is not reasonable, feasible, or in the patient's best interests. The distinguished Dr. Beecher,

On Archaeology

In the Science in Books department of SR/Research for October 1962, the appropriate copyright on Marcel Brion's book, "The World of Archaeology," was inadvertently omitted. The book from which our excerpt was taken was an English translation copyrighted by Elek Books, Ltd., in 1961. The first United States edition of the book was published in 1962 by Macmillan.

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a part of whose writings you quote in apparent support of your argument, and Dr. Modell, whom you acknowledge to be "a noted pharmacologist," are both on record (*Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, March-April 1962) as opposed to the rigid application of the first Nuremberg Rule. So are many other eminent scientists. So is Dr. Frances Kelsey. So, now, is the Congress of the United States. (Anyone who cares to read my own analysis of this problem is referred to pages 194-203 in my book "The Doctors Dilemmas.")

(3) Your account of my recommendations on thalidomide gives a vastly different impression than would be obtained from a complete transcript of my remarks at the closed FDA-Merrell meeting to which you refer. If you have a complete transcript of this conference, I suggest that you print my remarks in full.

(4) I respect the opinions of those who believe in mandatory patient consent for all new drug usage, and find it unnecessary to impugn their motives. I beg that the contrary opinion of men who have devoted years to the care of the sick and the search for better drugs be evaluated on its merits and that their motives be assumed no less worthy than your own. The seriousness of the issue deserves responsible treatment by respectable journalists.

LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.,
Associate Professor of Medicine,
Johns Hopkins Hospital.
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Lasagna should not blame others for impressions that he has created. Above, for instance, he declares respect for those who feel a physician's patient has an inalienable and irreducible right to know when the patient is being used as a guinea pig. However, in the paramedical throwaway newspaper, Medical Tribune, Dr. Lasagna spoke in a different tone. Advocates of strict regulation of drug experiments were making use of "the purple spotlight of hysteric and sensational news headlines," he said then; and he attacked the "lurid prose" of journalists who would "retard medical progress in unpredictable ways."*

Not the reporting of the facts about thalidomide, but the facts themselves, were lurid. To argue that the belated public reaction to those facts threatens to retard medical progress in any real sense is to imply that abuse of the patient's right has been so extreme that protection of those rights would prevent many drug experiments now going on.

If, on the contrary, abuse is not widespread—if Dr. Lasagna is correct in saying that consent of the patient is usually obtained—it is difficult to understand why reputable experimenters object so strenuously to having that practice sanctioned by law.

Dr. Lasagna says above that he argued for drug reform. True, he did argue for some degree of reform. He also was the only independent character witness from the medical profession for Dr. Arthur Sackler, the drug advertising man whose high pressure promotional tactics were disapprovingly spread upon the record of the Kefauver drug hearings. Medical Tribune is part of the Sackler promotional apparatus (see SR/3 Mar. 1962). Medical Tribune conducted the only concerted attack carried on by any newspaper against tighter regulation of experimental drugs. And Dr. Lasagna wrote the lead-off editorial in the Medical Tribune campaign.

Science, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, did publish a "go slow" editorial following the thalidomide exposures. Before that, Science frequently published reports favorable to the drugmakers and scornful of Senator Kefauver's reform efforts. Science's attitudes cannot be entirely divorced from the fact that some of the biggest drug houses are owned by chemical companies, and chemists make up the largest segment of membership of the AAAS. Even in its most marked lapses from objectivity, however, Science did not argue against a patient's right to know when he is being used as a guinea pig.

Nor is it accurate to say that Dr. Frances Kelsey favors limitation of the patient's right to know. She has repeatedly confirmed to SR's Science Editor her credo that informed consent of the patient is an ethical requirement in every experiment with drugs, and that where such consent is for any reason impractical it must be obtained from a close relative or trusted friend of the patient, such relative or friend thereafter sharing responsibility for the consequences with the physician.

Does the Congress of the United States favor limitation of the patient's right to know? The House passed a bill containing a flat legal ban against all drug experiments not consented to by the patients involved. Senate conferees modified the absolute language approved by the House, but only after debate had made clear an intent to invoke heavy direct legal responsibility (as opposed to ethical responsibility already expressed in the code of ethics of the American Medical Association) on drug experimenters for the first time in history.

The most serious complaint entered against SR's Science Editor in Dr. Lasagna's letter above is that Dr. Lasagna's professional position regarding thalidomide has been misrepresented. Dr. Lasagna suggests that the record be corrected by publication of a transcript of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration conference at which Dr. Lasagna's position was stated. No such transcript exists. The only available record is a set of Dr. Kelsey's notes, released by FDA and inserted in the transcript of U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey's hearings on inter-agency coordination in drug research. The complete text of those notes, insofar as they concern Dr. Lasagna, follows:

"Dr. Lasagna, who arrived late, reported on the fact that they [researchers at Johns Hopkins] had indeed found the drug [thalidomide] to be efficacious but not to be without 'hangover' effects. He was inclined to think the toxicity not sufficiently serious to preclude giving this drug a try. Later, however, he admitted that it would be highly desirable to know of the effect of this drug on the foetus. He expressed some skepticism as to whether the drug really could live up to its initial reputation of nontoxicity (acute)."

Translated into lay language, the last sentence just quoted means that Dr. Lasagna expressed doubt that overdoses of thalidomide might not sometimes cause death. This negative emphasis is in contrast to his positive emphasis in Medical Tribune on what he there called a "final paradox: On the basis of the best available information, Marilyn Monroe would be alive today if she had been given thalidomide instead of barbiturates for sedation." His shift in emphasis is unexplained.

Why climb down to it? Because it's there!

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 40

in ears has been so carefully prepared, and Rosenstock's scrupulous sense of detail enables the quality of the orchestra to assert itself with almost uniformly high credit. This is a "Meistersinger" worthy, for once, of it subject both to ear and eye.

Easily the outstanding new artist of the young season's first week was the redoubtable Rita Gorr, Belgian-born, Parisian-perfected mezzo who made her debut as Amneris in an Aïda that was also well above the sometimes tedious level of last year's. This was due in part to Gorr's own rousing artistry in a well-matched ensemble with Leontyne Price and Carlo Bergonzi, but no less to the attentive work of Nello Santi at the conductor's desk. He is not only well posted on the contents of this score, but possesed of the will to make them audible even if required (as in the "ballet" of the second act) to indulge in a bit of audible persuasion.

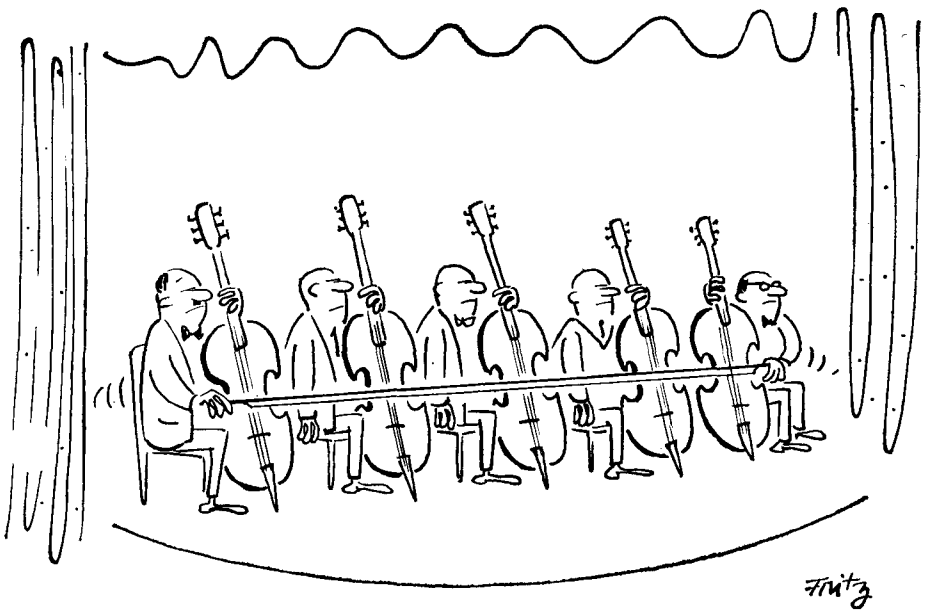
Gorr's authoritative, full-formed Amneris is not always Italianate in its ring or textual sound, but she has a vocal thrust at the top to hold her own in the ensembles as well as a strongly supported low voice. She has a rare kind of metallic brilliance for a singer of her range, with exciting possibilities (given the proper repertory). Above all she is a woman with a mind as well as a voice, a species of performer always welcome.

Enchantment has not been in strong supply in the first month of Philharmonic Hall's existence, but it warmed the sleek interior and its capacity audience at the first New York appearance of the Leningrad Philharmonic and its conductor Eugene Mravinsky. For unspecified reasons, he decided forty-eight hours before the concert to substitute the Brahms No. 4 for the "Figaro" overture of Mozart and the Bartók "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta," which had been promised to precede the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony. The results were altogether to the visitors' credit. They played their Brahms like a great orchestra, which they are, under the direction of an outstanding master, which Mravinsky is.

This is, substantially, a Germanic kind of ensemble art they espouse, with a listening-to-each-other participation suggestive of the Berlin Philharmonic. The strings are knit together by a beautifully flexible kind of finesse, which Mravinsky utilized to produce a highly sophisticated, wholly idiomatic playing of Brahms. Balancing these values are a typically Russian kind of horn sound, rather reedy but perfectly controlled, and a resonant woodwind group. As for Mravinksy, he maintained the marvellous discipline which can only proceed from endless hard work together, without in the least inhibiting the spontaneity and freshness that make for musical enchantment. It will be a pleasure to hear them in the weeks and concerts to come.

A strong tenor voice of many possibilities was exposed on the same evening in Carnegie Hall by the Italian-born Sergio Franchi. Thus far he is more entertainer than artist, but his singing of Federico's aria from Cilea's "L' Arlesiana" and another from "Traviata" showed operatic inclinations of no common sort. Milton Kaye supported him well at the piano.

—Irving Kolodin.



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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

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DEFINITIONS

A. Announce, as an appointment, or a case of bankruptcy.

B. Beneath one's intrinsic worth (colloq. shortening of Latin phrase; 2 wds.).

C. County, river, university in Pennsylvania.

D. Whither Polonius "conveyed" himself, to overhear the conversation of Hamlet and his mother (3 wds.).

E. Commander of Hawaiian dept. of U.S. Army, Dec. 1941-May 1943.

F. British Navy slang for the enlisted man.

G. Classification, esp. of plants and animals by their natural relationships.

H. Specifying those human remains which Theosophists assign to a special place not Nirvana.

I. Longitudinally.

J. By twelve at a time (2 wds.).

K. Specifying the great choral symphony of Beethoven.

L. Manipulate facts, etc. in order to reach unfair conclusions (from early political shenanigans in U.S.).

M. Toward the dawn.

WORDS

35 8 192 181 148 171 113

103 34 13 132 125 57 184 50

86 122 102 136 38 23

87 133 172 191 3 58 54 7 18 39 110
189 162 155

93 121 141 179 140 25

89 52 100 138 46 74

64 16 176 91 56 4 81 149

2 55 82 29 119 167 60 70 95

17 49 77 186 157 11 43 1 165 107

147 163 183 188 28 69 104 62

51 156 84 166 96

73 182 194 160 127 163 109 146 66 41 90

129 111 75 9 92 193 71 42

DEFINITIONS

N. Group of "Islands" now the Brit. Protectorate known as Ontong Java (2 wds.).

O. Right kind of voice to sing regularly in the Met.

P. What Rose Hartwick Thorpe's poem said "must not ring tonight".

Q. One who prepares a calculated judgment.

R. Cause to approach.

S. Having a villous surface.

T. One without, or above need of, work (says WNI, labeling it "Rare")

U. Be enough.

V. Maneuver in which Mayor Mitchel of New York City lost his life in World War I (3 wds.).

W. Absolute sovereign.

X. Community on Eastern Seaboard known for a Viking monument, glamorous society, and jazz.

Y. Fling down with a quick motion.

WORDS

190 173 30 153 44 115 5 144

130 177 72 36 85 124 24 97

79 88 48 131 45 158

37 196 135 27 116 142 10 80 152

154 67 112 170 118 130 6

185 139 117 47 59 31

76 195 137 65 15 78 53

19 99 21 187 63 32 161

26 33 61 128 22 68 12 98 169 20 134

94 83 40 164 101 178 151 120

123 14 150 108 175 145 126

174 159 114 105 106 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-oda WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 I		2 H	3 D	4 G	5 N		6 R	7 D	8 A	9 M		10 Q	11 I	12 V				
13 B	14 X	15 T	16 G	17 I	18 D	19 U		20 V	21 U		22 V	23 C	24 O	25 E		26 V			
27 Q	28 J	29 H	30 N	31 S		32 U	33 V	34 B	35 A	36 O	37 Q	38 C	39 D	40 W	41 L	42 M			
	43 I	44 N	45 P	46 F		47 S	48 P	49 I	50 B	51 K	52 F	53 T	54 D		55 H	56 G			
57 B		58 D	59 S	60 H	61 V	62 J	63 U	64 G	65 T	66 L		67 R	68 V	69 J	70 H	71 M			
	72 O	73 L	74 F	75 M		76 T	77 I		78 T		79 P	80 Q	81 G	82 H	83 W	84 K			
85 O	86 C		87 D	88 P	89 F	90 L	91 G	92 M		93 E	94 W	95 H	96 K		97 O	98 V			
99 U	100 F	101 W	102 C		103 B	104 J		105 Y		106 Y	107 I	108 X	109 L	110 D	111 M	112 R			
113 A		114 Y	115 N	116 Q	117 S	118 R	119 H	120 W	121 E	122 C	123 X	124 O		125 B		126 X			
127 L	128 V	129 M		130 O	131 P		132 B	133 D	134 V	135 Q	136 C	137 T	138 F	139 S	140 E				
141 E	142 Q	143 Y	144 N	145 X	146 L	147 J	148 A	149 G		150 X	151 W	152 Q	153 N		154 R	155 D			
	156 K	157 I		158 P	159 Y	160 L	161 U		162 D		163 L	164 W	165 I	166 K		167 H			
168 J	169 V	170 R	171 A	172 D	173 N	174 Y	175 X	176 G		177 O	178 W	179 E	180 R	181 A	182 L	183 J			
184 B	185 S	186 I		187 U	188 J	189 D		190 N	191 D	192 A	193 M	194 L	195 T	196 Q					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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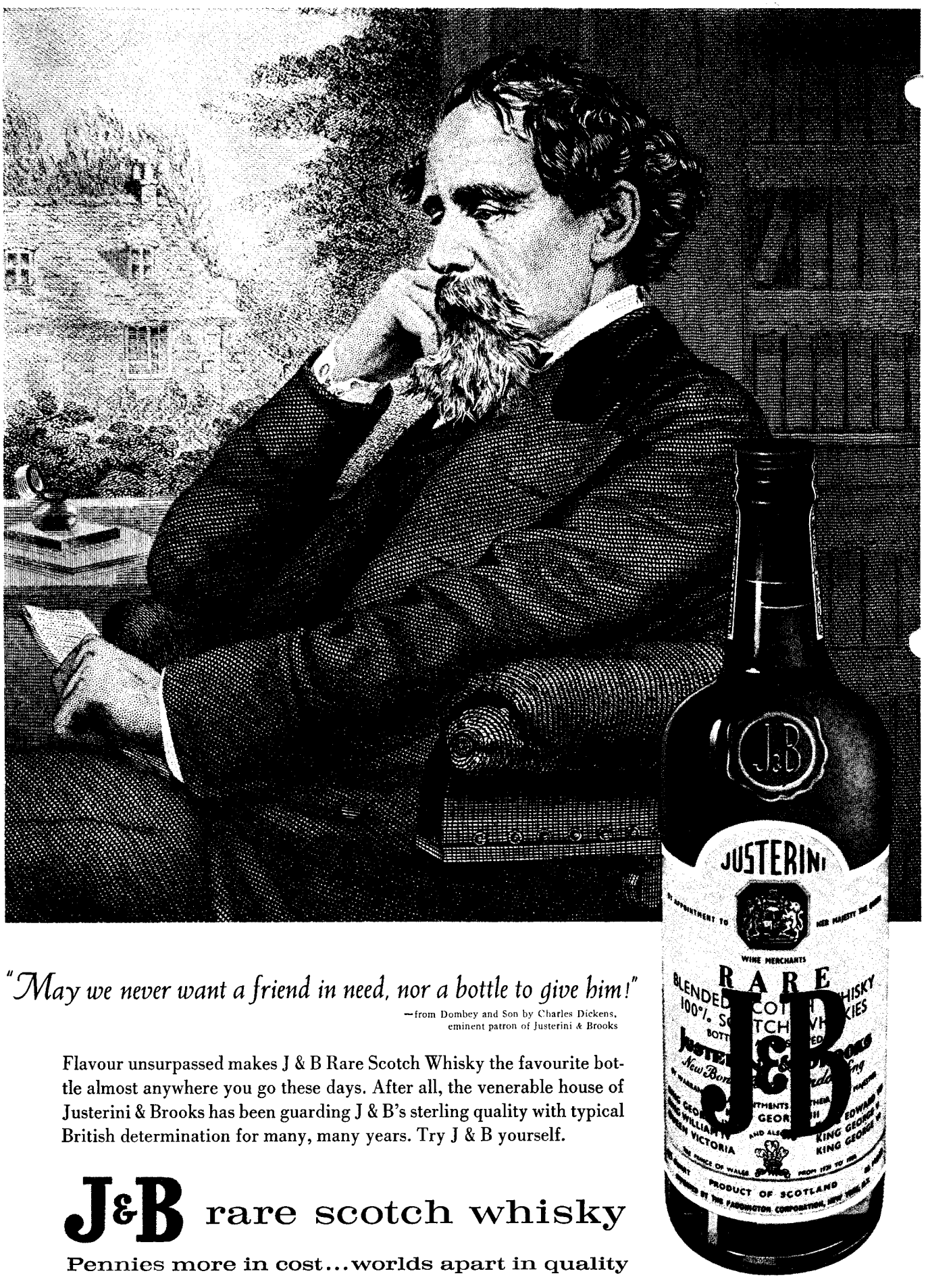

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